

ANOTHER £200 IN PRIZES THIS WEEK.

PEARSON'S

— £1,000 —
Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

... THE ...
CHANGELET
that WON
£50

Mary had a little lamb,
its "tale" we all have
twisted.

No. 966.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 21, 1909.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

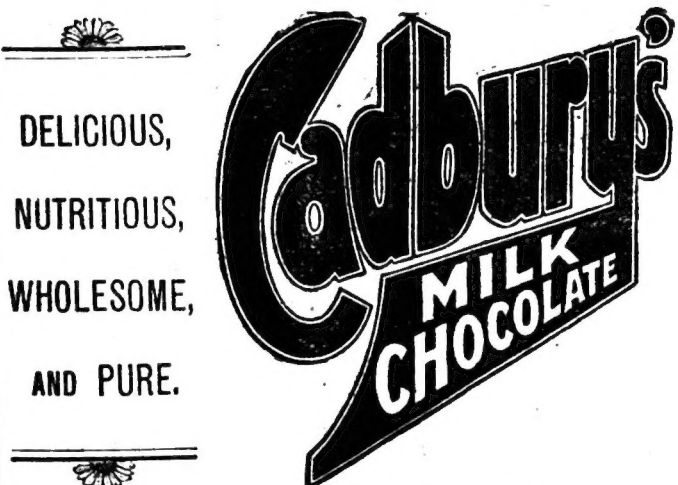
Whether times be good or bad, remember

HOLBROOK'S

SAUCE

is always preferable.

THERE IS NOTHING
MORE DELICIOUS
THAN



DELICIOUS,
NUTRITIOUS,
WHOLESOME,
AND PURE.

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WITH
ENGLISH
MILK.

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PATRONIZED BY **H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.**

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of Pearson's Weekly, 21/1/09. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward direct from our Looms to your address one of our

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REAL
SEAMLESS
WOVEN
HALF-GUINEA
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GIVEN
AWAY
All New
Designs.



Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in six different patterns of fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets will be sent out as sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we do supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our looms, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

Over 400,000 sold during the past twelve months. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

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With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10/6.

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2 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well finished and edged, size 56in. by 70in.
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All orders executed in rotation as they arrive by post. Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

QUILTS! QUILTS!
20,000 Real Odourless Oriental Wadded Quilts.

To be disposed of at an enormous sacrifice, just to clear out a stock of same. Each 5s. Carriage Paid (half price). These Quilts are wonderful samples of modern luxury. Covered with Satens or Oriental Turkey (choice of fine quality and artistic design, and filled with Patent Purified Wadding, size 50in. by 60in. 5s. each, or two for 9/6. Carriage Paid, Free with Quilt, Superb Down Pillow. With every order received for Quilt we will present FREE to the purchaser either a Magnificent Tea Caddy or Pillow, or to purchasers of Two Quilts we will present Four Gifts. **FREE PRESENTATION.**—Also an Extra Special Gift this week with each Quilt sold—namely, one of our beautiful 1s. Free Carpathian Silver Trays. Size 9 by 12ins. Very strong, equal to Sterling Silver in appearance and wear, well finished, assorted in Metal, and other designs. **NOTE.** With every Quilt Two Free Presents. Money willingly returned.

THE LOT
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Bronchitis and Blood-Spitting.

**Despaired of ever being better.
CURED AT LAST.**



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Mrs. J. HURST, 37 Byrom Street, High Park, Southport, writes: "I thank you most heartily for the marvellous cure wrought in my case by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I suffered for over a year from a distressing bronchial cough which nothing could apparently relieve, and I got so low and weak from coughing and spitting phlegm and blood that I could scarcely walk. I was under the doctor, who said I had chronic bronchitis, but nothing he gave me did any good, and I tried various so-called cough remedies until I despaired of ever being better. At last I tried your wonderful Cough Cure, and the first bottle relieved me, so I continued to take it, until now I am perfectly cured, and as well as ever I was."

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LUNG TROUBLES,**

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CHILDREN'S COUGHS,
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Larger sizes, 1/1¹/₂ and 2/9. Of all Chemists and Stores.

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When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be quickly and Thoroughly cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 20 years' successful results

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Please Mention
PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made. Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 23 Oxford St., Opp. Bathbone Place, London (Established 100 years.).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free. Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free. Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

"HOW TO TAKE OUT A PATENT." Most interesting book. Free. Coventry, Tempest Hey, Liver, Col.

ASTROLOGY. NEW DISCOVERIES. Wonderful revelations, future events, character, business, fortunate days, speculations, marriage, &c. Send birth date, P.O. 1/- and stamp, to-day. Newton Verity, 4 Duke Street, Adelphi, London.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained. Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men. Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

BILLIARDS. How to play the game. If anyone would take "The Game of Billiards and How to Play it," by John Roberts, and play every diagram in succession, he would soon get rid of the monotony of paying for the table. The book may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. A capital handbook for the novice and also for the more advanced student in "How to Take and Make Photographs," by Clive Holland. It gives you all the information you require regarding the Dark Room, Cameras, Plates and Films, Exposure, Development of Negatives, Printing, Mounting, &c. &c. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE.—20 different Asiatic stamps; mention gift 704; send 1d. postage. Bright & Sun, 164 Strand, W.C.

WEAKNESS.—The ideal tonic. Iron Jelloids, sample free of Jelloid Co. (D. 10), 76 Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

ASTROLOGY.—Life. Horoscope. Marriage Partner described. Money Prospects, Future Events, Changes, &c., accurately told. Send birth-date, 1/-, and stamped envelope. Madame Marion, Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.

ROUND SHOULDERS CURED.—Write or call for treatise and illustrated list, free. Hygienic P. W. Brace Co., 95 Charing Cross Road, London. Phone 12215 Central.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business. Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdm. Zetella, Cleland, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

WHY EARN SMALL WAGES all your life?—There's money in the Remnant Trade. Experience unnecessary. Write for full particulars. Cochrane's, F.W. Warehouse, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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1,000 Splendid Stamps including Colonials, Japan, Roumania, Argentina, &c. 1/1; 2,000, 2/-—B. Ayers, Mackenzie Road, Cambridge.

HAIR DESTROYED.—A lady who has been a life-long sufferer from superfluous hair has recently learned of a means which permanently destroys the roots, and will send particulars free, on enclosing stamp to pay postage, to any Medical Address, Helen L. W. Temple, 8 Blenheim St., Oxford St., London, W.

SMALL GARDENS.—Gardening is a fascinating hobby, and many useful hints will be found in "Small Gardens and How to Make the Most of Them," by V. P. Biddle. It may be had for 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weakness, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

POST-CARDS from photograph, 12 for 2/-—Francis & Co., 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—A. B. Norton, 58 & 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

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SHORTHAND FOR BUSY PEOPLE.—Marvellously simple, legible as print, written at 300 words a minute. Shorthand experts all over the world declare that the most marvellous system in existence is "McEwan's Royal Shorthand," prepared by Royal Command, by Oliver McEwan, "the greatest living authority on Pitman's Shorthand." For illustrated Pamphlet (post free), address Publisher, British Schools of Commerce and Journalism, 97 New Bond Street, London, W.

CHOICE CIGARS 34 EACH. Special value; wholesale, 11/- 100.—McGregor, Importers, Grange-mouth.

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by C. Lang Neil. Send 1/3 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

PIJAMAS.—All sizes, 3/6 pair, 3 pairs 9/6; postage 1d. Splendid value. Patterns free. Hill & Co., Manufacturers, 38 Chesapeake, London.

SUIT AND OVERCOAT LENGTHS.—Splendid value, large range to select from. Patterns post free on application.—Standard Tweed Coy., 36 Montrose Street, Glasgow.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Thoroughly practical information on physical culture for training and general health is given in "Modern Physical Culture," by C. Lang Neil. All the modern systems are illustrated. It may be had, post free, for 1/3 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

100 IVORY VISITING CARDS (name, address) 1/- Agents wanted.—Jackson, Printer (P.W.), Stony Stratford, Bucks.

"HOW TO PATENT AN INVENTION."—Book free.—Editor, "Patents," 55 Chancery Lane, Ldn.

SPEECHES.—Three to whom it is necessary to make a speech occasionally and find a difficulty in doing so, will find "Speeches for all Occasions," by an Oxford M.A., just the thing they want. Post free on application, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

FREE MUS our handsome P short time only 1/4d. for postage. London, W.C.

GOOD HOSE 1/3, 1/6. Ladies' K list, free. Buy direct R. & D., Burnley, La.

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ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE II.

WHEN you see a new food advertised, you try it out of curiosity. You're experimenting. When you buy Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa you are upholding the judgment of several generations of English men and English women, who lived through the most strenuous times of our island history. For nearly a century before Wellington won Waterloo, before Nelson gained for us the freedom of the seas,

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By F. E. WILSON.

Contributor to "Poultry" and the
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Cloth, Price 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d.

Some of the 19 Chapters are:—

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- III.—The rearing and management of chickens.
- IV.—Houses and runs—The kind of house wanted, etc.
- V.—Foods and Feeding—Feeding in summer, winter, etc.
- VI.—Poultry for profit—Best egg-producing breeds, etc.
- VIII.—Breeding for egg-production.
- IX.—Poultry for exhibition.
- XVII.—Ducks—Duck-rearing a profitable industry, etc.



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ONE BOTTLE CURES THE
PERNICIOUS HABIT AND
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FREE on receipt of P.O., M.
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107 Tooley Street, London
S.E., and

A. H. JESSER, Dispensing
Chemist, Salisbury House, London
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MUSIC!

A Liberal Offer made for a Limited Time Only.

THREE SONGS FOR 7d

In order to further popularise the series of PEARSON'S SIXPENNY MUSIC, we are prepared to forward any THREE of the songs or pianoforte pieces mentioned below post free for 7d. Only one set of three songs will be sent to the same person, and each application must be accompanied by this announcement cut out from the paper.

Title.	Composer.	SONGS.	Title.	Composer.
ECHOES	Robert Eden.	DORA! LAURA!	Denham Harrison	
VENETIA	L. Denta.	NELSON'S NAME	J. W. Tate	
MOPSA	Chas. Villiers Stanford.	MY NANCY	Ernest Sifton.	
A WHISPER OF LOVE	Milton Wellings.	FIRELIGHT FACES	Gerald Lane	
YOU AND I	P. Bucalossi.	BUTTERCUPS & DAISIES	Cecil Liddell.	
TRY TO FORGET	G. W. Byng.	A SOLDIER IN THE ROYAL ARMY.	William Bright	

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

VALSE MATINALE — Alfred Margis.
As this unique and generous offer is open for a limited time only, and will largely be taken advantage of by musical readers, you should send at once in order to avoid disappointment. All applications must be accompanied by this announcement cut out from the paper.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT, 17-18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisers.

Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

OVER £2,000 NOW DISTRIBUTED IN CHANGELETS.

£200 Offered this Week.

1st PRIZE, £50. 2nd PRIZE, £25. 3rd PRIZE, £10. £115 IN OTHER PRIZES.

RESULT OF No. 11.

We have to congratulate all who took part in Competition No. 11 on the excellent CHANGELETS they sent in. The standard of merit was clearly above the average, and our adjudicators had a very formidable task indeed to fix upon the winners.

One outstanding feature of the contest was the originality of the attempts, and our adjudicators were confirmed in their opinion that the scope afforded for novelty of idea by CHANGELETS is even greater than that of Limericks.

At the same time, originality of idea is not everything. As we have pointed out before, you must make your CHANGELETS read smoothly and grammatically. For example, in Competition No. 11, certain competitors who sent in really unique ideas, spoiled their attempts completely by having a plural noun to a singular verb. In one case in particular, the competitor altered the word "fleece" to "gambols," but omitted to change the verb "was" to "were."

These may seem to be very little points, but it is attention to these little points that wins the prizes.

The original paragraph was:

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB,
ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS
SNOW.

The names and addresses of the winners, together with their attempts, are as follows:

First prize of £50 :
A. J. Miles, 35 St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, E.C.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, ITS "tale" we all have twisted.

Second prize of £25 :
Mrs. M. C. Smallwood, 11 St. James' Ter., Morpeth.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, ITS tail won't wag, it's glued.

Third prize of £10 : **Mrs. E. Gilbert, 6 Craig-nestock Place, Gt. Hamilton Street, Glasgow.**

MARY HAD A LITTLE hand, ITS size was right for pocket.

Here are some other good Changelets sent in:

Mary, kissing a little girl, remarked it was tasteless as snow.

Mary had a little lamb, other boarders took hash as safer.

Mary had a little lamb. Well, why was Mary's lunch advertised?

Mary had a little seat, his knee was feeling as dead.

Mary had a little hand, its capacity was immense—for spending!

Mary had a little "powder," its result was Mary "went off."

Mary had a little doll, its tongue was in its stomach.

For List of Winners of Consolation Prizes see Page III of the Red Cover.

Five Words Only to be Altered.

CHANGELETS, No. 14.					Postal Order No.
Seated	one	day	at	the	
organ	I	was	weary	and	
ill	at	ease.	—	—	
I undertake to abide by the conditions, and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.					
Signed					
Address					

ALL ABOUT CHANGELETS.

In this contest, Changelets, you are provided with a paragraph from which you must remove five of the words and substitute five others in the same places, and thus give the sentence a different meaning.

Here is an example which will make the matter perfectly clear to you. You might be given a sentence such as this:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.

By the removal of five words, and the substitution of five new ones, we get the following sentence. The new words are underlined:

Be kind, sweet girls, and let the men be voters.

Below you will find a coupon containing a paragraph which must be treated in this manner. The paragraph is: *Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease.*

Any alteration in a word whatever will be regarded as a change. For example: *day* changed into *days* becomes

JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE



Paragraph: *Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease.*

With five words altered can become

Changelet: *Seated one day at the theatre, I saw hats and bonnets with ease.*

a new word. Punctuation marks may be added, altered, or omitted, and capital letters may be substituted for small letters, or vice versa, without being regarded as changes.

Lightly cross out on the form below FIVE WORDS—NO MORE, NO FEWER—and write in ink carefully and clearly above each crossed-out word the word you wish to substitute. Then fill in your name and address in the space provided.

RULES WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form below, or they will be disqualified. If more than one attempt is made, each must be written on a separate entry form.
2. Every coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for sixpence, made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and crossed " & Co.," and the number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided. Where one Postal Order of a higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this Postal Order must be written on each entry form.
3. The envelope containing the coupon or coupons must be addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and must be marked "CHANGELETS No. 14" in the top left-hand corner.
4. Attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, January 21st.

The adjudication of all attempts sent in will be carried out with the greatest possible care and consideration. £50 will be awarded this week to the sender of the Changelet which is considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. £25 will be awarded to the sender of the paragraph which is considered to be the second best, and £10 to the sender of the third best. The remaining £115 will be divided in Consolation Prizes amongst those whose attempts come next in merit.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition, and telegrams will be ignored. The published decision is final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE. TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

OUR LITTLE SHAFTS.

By ROBIN HOOD.

Mrs. CARRIE NATION has been invited to join the Suffragists. It is said she will accept.

JACK JOHNSON, champion boxer of the world, is a regular salamander. He is not at all afraid of burns.

WHY this persistent effort to change "rhyme" to "rime"? Don't the poets encounter frost enough as it is?

DR. OSLER says that success in the medical profession is largely a question of good health. That's funny. We thought it was just the reverse.

"THE English prejudice against colour is one of the most blind of all our prejudices," says Surgeon-General Evatt. But it isn't a colour-blind prejudice.

THE showmen, it appears, have their own parson—the Rev. Thomas Horne. Unlike some parsons, however, the rev. gentleman is not a showman.

MR. ROCKEFELLER and Mr. Carnegie are held up by a Methodist minister as examples of what patience and hard labour will achieve. Whose patience and hard labour?

OWING to the increasing scarcity of cedar wood cigar boxes, we learn, are in future to be made of paper. The process is already sometimes applied to the contents.

"BRITISH ADMIRAL FOR TURKEY" is the heading of a newspaper paragraph. Well, turn about is fair play. There has been lots of turkey for the British admiral lately.

THE Russian Women's Congress has been discussing the question of "trial marriages." Our tame cynic says that most people find marriage enough of a trial as it is.

"THE latest colours," says a French paper, "are 'dead-rose,' 'biscuit,' 'elephant-grey,' 'billiard-green,' and 'afternoon-pink.'" We have also heard of "morning-after yellow."

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT has gained 25lb. in weight during the last five months. He thinks that aviation has something to do with it. Thin readers will be glad to know of the Wright way to put on flesh.

MISS DOVE, who was defeated after being chosen Mayor-elect for High Wycombe, has been elected chairman of the Unemployed Committee. This seems hard, after she has done so much to find herself work.

A NEW play, by Miss Clo Graves, is to be produced by the Dramatic Productions Club. It is called *The General's Past*. In view of the scarcity of servants, we are more concerned with the general's presence.

NEW YORK STATE is bringing in a Bill for the registration of stage-door visitors. Married men sending notes to actresses are to have these missives preserved and forwarded to their wives. All senders of notes are to be registered. Scenes other than those on the programme are confidently anticipated in theatrical circles.

"WHATEVER may be said of the modern man, he cannot be said to be lacking in modesty. While the ancients did their utmost to prove that they issued from the gods, we do our best to demonstrate that we have descended from monkeys," says the Paris JOURNAL. As a matter of fact, it is the sort of false modesty that apes humility.

DR. THEKLA HUTIN, a woman M.P. from Finland, has come over to help Miss Christabel Pankhurst in her struggle for the vote. We all know the attractions of a fight to a Finnish, so that exciting times are ahead of the Government. Dr. Hutin is a member of the Finnish Diet, which is, of course, far away superior to that of Holloway.

A GLASGOW publican whose saloon was among those raided by Mrs. Carrie Nation has sent her a present of a large Scotch bun. By some people this is regarded as a kindly act intended to show that Boniface harbours no ill-feeling. Others, however, who know what Scotch bun is like, stigmatise it as a dastardly attempt to undermine Mrs. Nation's constitution.

The Editor's Notebook.

An Old Friend.

THE late Sims Reeves was fond of telling a story that related to an early engagement in Glasgow, which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the programme was "Hail, Smiling Morn!" and of course Mr. Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consists of an echo, and the London agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.

The whole matter was settled hurriedly. Mr. Reeves was at first disinclined to accept, as other engagements prevented him from reaching Glasgow in time for a rehearsal with the choir.

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir," said the agent. "You will find the choir perfect."

The concert was a success, and in due course "Hail, Smiling Morn!" was called for. When the soloist came to the lines requiring an echo he delivered them in his best manner—"At whose bright presence darkness flees away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch:

"Flees awa', flees awa'!"

Yet Sims Reeves averred that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked over the matter with a bailie after the concert, the good man assured him:

"That's just nothing at all. You were a little wrong in your pronunciation and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."

He Knew.

THE late Sir Ralph Littler used to tell a good story about a brother jurist who was an enthusiastic golfer.

The golfing judge, according to the story, had occasion to interrogate in a criminal suit a boy witness.

"Now, my lad," he said, "I want to know if you are acquainted with the nature and significance of an oath?"

The boy, raising his brows in surprise, answered:

"Of course I am, sir. Haven't I caddied for you?"

A Jacobs Story.

A MAGAZINE editor was talking about W. W. Jacobs the humorist.

"I tried," he said, "to get Mr. Jacobs to write for me; but I found that he had all he could do for six or seven years to come."

"He is a quiet, modest chap. When I praised his wonderful skill in the writing of short stories, he said that it was only their surprises that made his stories take."

"Then, to illustrate what he meant, he told me a story wherein the surprises came fast and furious."

"He said that a lawyer, defending a man accused of housebreaking spoke like this:

"Your Worship, I submit that my client did not break into the house at all. He found the parlour window open and merely inserted his right arm and removed a few trifling articles. Now, gentlemen, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for an offence committed only by one of his limbs."

"That argument," said the magistrate, "is very well put. Following it logically, I sentence the defendant's arm to one year's imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

"The defendant smiled, and with his lawyer's assistance unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out."

A Truth Put Neatly.

MISS ELLEN TERRY, at a reception, talked about the innumerable women who ask her to help them get on the stage.

"The fact is," she said, "every woman under thirty believes she is an actress. And every actress," she added, "believes she is under thirty."

One Too Many.

SOME enemy, and possibly a publisher, has started a cruel story about a well-known novelist, and this is now going the round of the clubs he frequents. It is asserted that a seventh child came into his family last autumn. The family were at their country house, and for a time a good deal of the care of the other six children devolved upon the father, who has Spartan ideas as to the upbringing of his sons. One morning he carried his two-year-old to the pond near his home, to give him a cold plunge. The child objected lustily to this proceeding, but was firmly held and ducked, notwithstanding.

At the instant of the ducking, however, a brawny hand seized the Spartan father by his shoulder and flung him back, while the angry voice of the farmer, who was his nearest neighbour, roared in his ears:

"Here, none of that! I'll have the law on you for this!"

"And," said the enemy, "it took him half an hour to convince that man that he was not trying to drown that child. Even then he wasn't wholly convinced. To the very last minute he kept on shaking his head sceptically, and saying:

"Wal, I dunno about that. Dunno. You got six besides this."

Suppressed.

THE late Mr. Yerkes, who manipulated his tube schemes here to the satisfaction of himself and friends, but to the confounding of English financiers, had not always had the smooth time that he enjoyed latterly. It is told of him that, when he was residing in the States, a reporter called on him with a proof of "Mr. Yerkes' Past."

This contained some unpleasant truths, and on being asked if it were correct Mr. Yerkes calmly answered, "Yes."

"Well," said the reporter, "what are you going to pay to keep it out?"

"Nothing," was the reply, and Mr. Yerkes offered to sign the proof as a guarantee of its accuracy.

The reporter was astonished, and said, "But you don't mean to say you'll let this be published—why, it will ruin you."

"Publish away," said Mr. Yerkes, and after a few moments' delay the bewildered blackmailer was on his way out.

He was called back, and Mr. Yerkes calmly said, "Oh, if that goes in your paper, I shall shoot you!" The reporter evidently thought the risk was not worth running, for the article never appeared.

"Squeezing."

ANOTHER story is to the effect that, when Mr. Yerkes began to make money, some of the banks from which he had borrowed thought to "squeeze" him by demanding instant repayment, or a large consideration for further time.

He was invited to call on one of these "bankers," and there met the others. Their demand was made, and their victim seemed at their mercy.

They did not, however, know the resourcefulness of Mr. Yerkes, who retaliated by remarking:

"Well, I owe a lot to all the banks here, and I'll just publish a statement to-morrow in the papers giving the full amounts and stating my inability to pay. This will make such a run on the banks that they will soon be as broke as I should, and, therefore, I shall not be the only sufferer."

The "squeezers" recognised the truth of this, and so withdrew their demand. Mr. Yerkes, however, refused to withdraw his threat unless they lent him another £10,000. They did so!

German "Champagne."

WHEN the present Kaiser came to the throne, says a writer in the YORKSHIRE WEEKLY POST, he began by being a frightful Chauvinist, and, among other things, wanted to purge the German language of every word of French origin, as well as every German cellar of French champagne.

On the top of this patriotic movement came the announcement of his Majesty's intention to visit the Sultan, and I had the good fortune to accompany him to Constantinople as a recording angel.

Confronted with this prospect of the Kaiser's coming, Abdul Hamid felt himself to be in a fix, and summoned a council of his wisest men to see what he best could do to humour his Imperial guest.

For some little time the gloom of doubt and indecision brooded over the assembly.

Then up and spake a venerable Pasha.

"Why not give him German champagne?" said this daring and deviceful man, and his happy inspiration was hailed with applause.

On the evening of his arrival, which I witnessed from a caïque on the gently heaving bosom of the Bosphorus, the Kaiser was entertained to a grand banquet at Yildiz Kiosk, and, after dinner there, Count Herbert Bismarck, who was in the Emperor's suite, came along to a reception at the British Embassy.

"Well, Count Herbert," said Sir William White in his cheery, bluff way, "what sort of a dinner did the Sultan give you?"

"Oh," was the prompt and candid reply, "the cuisine was splendid, but, as for the champagne—well, it was simply too awful for words!"

Her Way Out Of It.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES is said to tell a good story about one of the young court ladies who does many quiet acts of charity. But Lady A. has a stiff, if not haughty, way with her.

"There was an old woman whom she visited now and again. She carried the old woman jellies, tea, and such-like luxuries. And she was secretly pleased with the attention she attracted as she passed up and down the narrow, squalid street."

"Your neighbours stare at me a good deal," she said complaisantly one morning.

"I'll be bound for that," said the old woman.

"I suppose they are very inquisitive, eh?"

"They certainly are, the busybodies," the old woman grumbled.

"No doubt, they question you about me a good deal?"

"Indeed, they do, my lady."

"The visitor smiled."

"And what do you tell them?" she asked sweetly.

"Well, my lady, so as not to let on like who you are, I just say as how yer my dressmaker, and let it go at that."

Sure of the Date.

MR. UFFON SINCLAIR, the author of "The Jungle," tells the following:

In a Southern town a lady was approached by her coloured maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Miss Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?"

Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress' face, she added, hastily, "I want to go to my fiancé's funeral."

"Goodness me!" answered the lady. "Your fiancé's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl, doubtfully; then, with a triumphant note in her voice, "I'm sure about him, miss, 'cos he's goin' to be hung!"

A Delicacy.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME tells of an amusing incident that occurred in a restaurant not long ago. A tall country-looking man, accompanied by an exceedingly short and stout woman, entered the place, and took a table near the door.

"Do you want oysters, Mary?" asked the man, as he glanced over the bill of fare.

"Yes, John," answered the woman, who was the while vainly endeavouring to touch her toes to the floor, "and I want a hassock, too."

John nodded, and, as he gave his order to the waiter, said:

"Bring a hassock for the lady."

"One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John took to be more than ordinary interest. As the guest nodded in assent, the waiter, with a dubious air, wrote down the additional order. Still, he did not go, but brushed the table cloth with a serviette and rearranged the articles on the table several times, while his air of dubiousness deepened.

Finally, the waiter, speaking sotto voice, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I haven't been here long; so some things is a little unfamiliar to me. Will the lady have the hassock broiled or fried?"

Journalistic Enterprise.

BOOTH TARKINGTON, the American novelist, says that in no State in the Union have the newspapers more "journalistic enterprise" than in his native Indiana. While stopping at a little hotel in the course of a hunting trip, Mr. Tarkington lost one of his dogs.

"Have you a newspaper in town?" he asked of the landlord.

"Right across the way there, back of the shoe-maker's," the landlord told him. "THE DAILY NEWS—best little paper of its size in the State."

As it happened, the editor, the printer, and the printer's devil were all busy doing justice to Mr. Tarkington with an "in-our-midst" paragraph when the novelist arrived.

"I've lost a dog," Tarkington explained, after he had introduced himself, "and I'd like to have you insert this ad. for me—Fifty dollars (£10) reward for the return of a pointer dog answering to the name of Rex. Disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House on Monday night."

"Why, we were just going to press, sir," the editor said, "but we'll be only too glad to hold the edition for your ad."

Mr. Tarkington returned to the hotel. After a few minutes he decided, however, that it might be well to add "No questions asked" to his advertisement, and returned to the DAILY NEWS office.

The place was deserted, save for the skinny little, freckle-faced devil, who sat perched on a high stool gazing wistfully out of the window.

"Where is everybody?" Tarkington asked.

"Gawn to hunt for th' dawg!" replied the boy, without removing his gaze from the distant fields.

The Kaiser.

THE tone towards England adopted by the Kaiser has, says the REFEREE, undergone a remarkable change since the days of his youth.

One day his nose started bleeding freely.

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "there goes the last drop of English blood in my veins."

A Chevalier Story.

MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER tells a rather amusing experience he once had during an Irish tour. "I was playing," he says, "in a small town in the West of Ireland, the name of which I forget. In the afternoon I went into the hall, where I was to give my entertainment, and was amazed to see that there was not a single seat in it."

"Good gracious," I said to the caretaker, "where are the seats?"

"Oh," he replied, "I'll bring in some benches if ye like, but I didn't know ye'd want any."

He departed for the benches, and I remarked to him, as he placed them in position, that they were thick with dust.

"An' won't the people dust them soon enough when they sits on them?" he replied cheerfully.

STARTLING CRIMES AND NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS.



Richard Pigott. Forger and Traitor.

Related by DICK DONOVAN.

Last week it was told how Richard Pigott, the chief witness for the "Times," in the case brought against them by Parnell, commenced his career of crime. Entering the counting-house of the "Ulsterman," a Belfast paper owned by a Mr. Denis Holland, Pigott soon worked his way to the position of business manager, and obtained control of the cash side of the business. Though only in receipt of a modest salary, he lived like a lord, abstracting money from his employer's till. The paper couldn't stand it, and would have failed then, had not a suggestion been put into force of changing its name to the "Irishman," and issuing it from Dublin. Eventually, Mr. Holland's father stepped in, and insisted on the books being examined. They showed they had been kept in a loose way, but nothing could be put down to Pigott. Mr. Holland, senior, advanced more money on the understanding that Pigott was relegated to a subordinate position. This Pigott agreed to without demur. Fenianism coming into prominence at this time Pigott suggested that the "Irishman" should espouse its cause. He posed as a red-hot Fenian, made the acquaintance of Stephens and Jeremiah O'Donovan, subsequently known as O'Donovan Rossa, gained their confidence, and played the part of traitor to both sides. Mr. Holland eventually tired of the paper, and sold it to a Mr. Paddy Smyth. Smyth did not pose as a Fenian, but called himself a patriotic politician. He retained Pigott as cashier and book-keeper. Still the paper did not improve, and becoming too mild for the Fenians, they started a rival organ called the "Irish People."

THE nominal proprietor was a man named Ruby, and the redoubtable O'Donovan Rossa was the manager. Every person connected with it was a red-hot Fenian, and the paper went in for lightning and thunder.

In time it fell under the notice of the Government, and a spy named Pierce Nagle was instructed to keep a sharp eye on things. With the starting of the IRISH PEOPLE, the IRISHMAN declined, though its rival, in spite of its advocacy of fire and slaughter, did not catch on.

At first the Government affected to be indifferent, with the result that those responsible for the conduct of the IRISH PEOPLE were quite deceived by this immunity, and became more violent; but Nagle had his eye on everyone, from Mr. Ruby down to the office sweeper. He ascertained their sources of information, and many other things of great importance, and for all this he was indebted to Pigott, who was the real spy.

Organising for Rebellion.

In spite of the business rivalry between the IRISH PEOPLE and the IRISHMAN, the respective staffs were friendly enough; Pigott himself was a constant visitor at the rival office, and he picked up a lot. Amongst other things, he learnt that James Stephens, Clarke Ruby, and O'Donovan Rossa were organising secret schools of drilling throughout Ireland; that ammunition was being smuggled into the country and stored in large quantities; while blacksmiths in various parts were busy making pikes and other weapons. These little items of intelligence were communicated to the Castle authorities, not directly by Pigott, but through the spy, Nagle.

In the meantime Pigott saw that the IRISHMAN was sinking lower and lower, and for reasons which will presently be obvious, he did his best to keep it low, and the day came at last, as he knew it would, when Paddy Smyth called him into his private office and announced that he was sick of losing his money, and he intended to wind the business up.

Pigott pretended to be aghast; such a course, he maintained, would be disastrous, and he pointed out that debts due to the paper amounted to nearly £900.

Paddy laughed ironically. "If we'd every penny of that in hand," he said, "it wouldn't run the paper for a month." He laboured the point that he had lost a fortune, and had resolved to cut his losses, instead of throwing good money after bad. "Pay me £600," he said, "and the whole concern's yours. Book debts, machinery, plant, everything."

Newspaper as a Gift.

Pigott could scarcely conceal his emotion. It had long been his intention to so manipulate things that, at the right moment, the property should come into his hands; but he had calculated upon having to pay £2,000 at the very least; and here it was offered to him for £600, and there were £800 of good book debts. He jumped at the offer, and, incredible as it seems, Paddy Smyth handed over everything to him without a line of agreement, and in two or three weeks after that memorable interview Mr. Richard Pigott, spy, traitor, thief, and forger, was registered as sole proprietor of the IRISHMAN newspaper.

He never, however, paid Smyth one penny piece of the £600 he owed him, and for some mysterious

reason Smyth refrained from suing him.

Pigott carried on the paper, paying the wages of the staff and other expenses regularly every week. Where did he get the money from? The answer to that question might be found in certain documents stowed away in certain pigeon-holes in a certain

Government department.

Having now become a full-blown newspaper proprietor, his friendly attitude towards his rival, the IRISH PEOPLE, entirely changed, and it is on record that he said to an acquaintance: "If the IRISH PEOPLE was suppressed, I'd make my fortune now." Nevertheless, he kept on friendly terms with members of the rival's staff. He was playing a deep-planned game, and he intended to win. There is very strong inferential evidence that he knew well what was going on in the IRISH PEOPLE office, and, amongst other things, he learnt that Stephens and his co-conspirators had dispatched a request to the head centre of the American Fenians, that military men of various ranks should be secretly sent to Ireland to drill the peasantry in the use of arms.

Police Make a Raid.

A copy of that letter or dispatch, whatever it was, came into possession of the spy, Nagle, and I don't think there can be any question as to how he got it. Pigott furnished him with it. The copy was soon at the Castle, and the authorities were prompt to act.

They had given the conspirators plenty of tether, but the moment had now come for pulling them up with a round turn. So it came to pass, about three months after Pigott acquired the IRISHMAN, that one night, about twelve o'clock, as the IRISH PEOPLE was being prepared for Press, that an irresistible force of armed constabulary, went down to the office and seized everybody and everything they could lay their hands on.

The chiefs, Clarke Ruby, proprietor, O'Donovan Rossa, Patrick Kearney, a prominent leader writer, and others were arrested in their respective houses, and a search of their premises brought to light a mass of incriminating papers, and the scoop made by the Government was full and complete.

In Fear of His Life.

One of the most extensive conspiracies Ireland had ever known was nipped and crushed, and arrests were made in all parts of the country. The Government spies had done their part well, and, if the transactions of the "Secret Service" Department could be overhauled, there would be found a record of a payment made to Richard Pigott of a sum approximating closely on £2,000.

Throughout the excitement following the suppression of the IRISH PEOPLE, and arrest of conspirators throughout the country, Pigott made himself conspicuous for his frothy denunciations of the Government, and he howled in execration when Nagle, the spy's name, was mentioned, for Nagle had to testify in a public court as a witness.

Of course, Pigott was acting a part; he knew that a terrible Fenian oath had been taken to assassinate Nagle, and he knew that his own life would not be worth an hour's purchase if suspicion fell upon him; so he struck an attitude as a patriot, and roared loudly. Moreover, he had become a person of importance as sole proprietor of the IRISHMAN, and it is a fact the Fenians looked to him for assistance, and the undivided support of the conspirators was now given to his paper.

Stephens Breaks Gaol.

James Stephens, the arch-rebel, had been swept into the Government net, and lodged in Richmond Bridewell, Dublin, to await his trial.

A clever plot, of which Pigott was fully aware, was hatched to effect his release, and on the night of November 25th, 1865, during a tremendous storm, he escaped. When the news of his flight became known, excitement rose to fever heat again. A thousand pounds was offered for his capture, and three hundred pounds for information that would lead to his capture.

Every seaport was notified, and men-of-war were told off to patrol the Atlantic and search outward-bound vessels.

A few days after Stephens' escape, I left Liverpool in a vessel called the *Helvetia*, belonging to the National Line Steam Navigation Company. The

Readers who are interested in Mr. Dick Donovan's stories should buy

"Startling Crimes and Notorious Criminals."

reprinted from "Pearson's Weekly," and now sold in book form at 6d., or 8d. post free, from the Publisher, Henrietta Street, London. W.C.

destination of the vessel was New York, and after we left Queenstown, in the middle of a very stormy night, a man-of-war bore down and fired a gun across our bows. The captain, however, held on his way; another shot across our bows, but still the *Helvetia* did not stop. A third shot, this time across the ship, and some of the rigging was cut away.

I was standing in the waist of the ship watching the man-of-war as she rose and fell on the angry sea. I saw the flash of flame from her side, and heard the shot screech through our rigging.

After this gentle hint, the passenger steamer was promptly stopped. Two boats came alongside from the warship. Sailors and marines scrambled up our sides, all the passengers were ordered to turn out of bed, and then ensued a critical search for the escaped rebel; but he wasn't found on board the *Helvetia*, and after something like two hours' detention, during which we all stood on deck and shivered with the bitter cold, we were allowed to proceed on our way.

As a matter of fact, James Stephens was still in Dublin at this time, and he remained there for three months, protected by staunch friends, when he managed to escape in a schooner and reach France. There is convincing evidence that Pigott not only knew of his hiding-place, but helped in the escape, although he might have earned the reward. But he was playing his own game again. He saw on which side his bread was buttered; he wanted to keep in with the Fenians now, because on their support his paper depended.

The story from this point onwards of the Fenian plots, of traitors on both sides, of assassinations and hair-breadth escapes, is a singularly interesting one, but I must confine my narrative to Pigott.

Aimed at Martyrdom.

When the attack was made on the prison van in Manchester and poor Sergeant Brett was shot dead, Pigott felt that he could no longer remain luke-warm in the cause of the Fenians, and he began a series of violent articles in his paper. He went farther than that; he reproduced some of the outpourings of the American gutter journals, and this went on until he provoked the Castle authorities to action.

He was summoned to the Castle, returned for trial, and the end was, he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. He had aimed at martyrdom, and had become a martyr at a very small cost, more particularly as his sentence, for some mysterious reason—that is, mysterious to the outside public—was reduced to six months.

On his release he became, or affected to be, a blatant patriot, and he declared himself a Fenian of Fenians; and at the election of 1868 he stood as a Parliamentary candidate for the city of Limerick, in direct opposition of the Fenians, who were afraid that if he were returned to Parliament he would cease to be of use to them. He was not returned, however; much to his own annoyance.

After the Manchester executions Pigott saw that the star of Fenianism was waning, and he became alarmed lest his paper should suffer; consequently he hit upon a new scheme for raising the wind.

Tortured by the Government.

He commenced an agitation for a general amnesty of Fenian prisoners, and he got the late Mr. Isaac Butt to write violent articles in the IRISHMAN. An "Amnesty Association" was formed, with Butt as president and Pigott as goodness knows what, but he had a finger in the pie, and he made an application to visit O'Donovan Rossa in Chatham Prison.

The application was weakly granted, and Pigott wrote a sensational account of Rossa having been tortured by the British Government. It served his purpose well and brought him some grist. He subsequently took an active part in procuring the election of the convict Rossa as Parliamentary representative for County Tipperary; but Rossa, being a felon, was not allowed to take his seat, and the election was declared null and void.

And now, hurrying over a considerable period, we come to another dastardly and tragical episode in Pigott's dark career. Considerable Fenian funds had passed through his hands, and he was suddenly called upon to render an account.

Accused His Cashier.

At last it seemed as if the scoundrel was run to earth; but he was equal to the occasion. He had in his employ as cashier a highly respectable young man named Denis Fagan, and he actually accused this person with having embezzled the funds. Fagan was furious, and, knowing a good deal of Pigott's shady transactions, he threatened to expose him if he didn't retract and apologise. Moreover, Fagan was in possession of letters written by Pigott to him in which it was suggested that the fund accounts should be falsified.

The writer had forgotten all about the letters, and he was horrified; if they were produced he would be ruined, while if he retracted and apologised he would also be ruined, so he hired a lazy, loafing ruffian named Edward O'Kelley to assassinate Fagan. The wretch shadowed Fagan, and one night when the clerk was going along North Great George Street towards his home the murderer tracked him, and,

placing himself under a lamp-post, he waited until his victim had got a few yards past him, when he fired, and the bullet lodged in the back of the victim's head.

He fell to the ground, but horror and fear caused him to spring up again, and he saw the assassin under the lamp-post preparing to fire again. He did fire, but nervousness deflected his aim; but Fagan fell, and the murderer, thinking the last shot had completed the work, made off.

The victim, however, had photographed the murderer's face on his brain, for the light of the lamp fell full upon the face. Fagan lay for a long time insensible, until a policeman discovered him. A large pool of blood told of crime; so assistance was procured, and the apparently dead man was hurried to the hospital.

There the bullet was extracted and he came to his senses. Then he was able to describe with great minuteness the appearance of the assassin.

In a short time O'Kelley had been arrested. He was confronted with the sick man in the hospital, who swore positively to his identity. In due course he was put on his trial, convicted, and sent into penal servitude for twenty years. Fagan was in hospital for three months, and finally recovered. He never had a doubt in his own mind that Pigott had prompted O'Kelley to assassinate him, but he could get no evidence that would have insured a conviction.

Of course, Pigott was profuse in his expressions of abhorrence of the crime, and he withdrew the charges he had made against his clerk, and he also managed to wriggle out of the difficulty about the funds. The incident, however, did him much harm, and his supporters fell away rapidly.

Threats of Bankruptcy.

However, he did not allow that to worry him; he still feasted and drank as usual, and existed for some time by ordering goods from English firms, and, when he got possession, he sold them. On being pressed for payment, he offered a moiety of his liability, and threatened that if it was not accepted he would file a petition in bankruptcy. He subsequently laid siege to the heart of a lady, who accepted his advances and became his wife, and they took a house in Kingstown.

For the ensuing few years Pigott's life was not particularly eventful. Children were born to him, but his domestic life was a very unhappy one. He made it so. He treated his wife shamefully, and his amazing extravagances kept him ever in financial difficulties.

Fraud and forgery were resorted to, and how he managed to escape the penalty of his crimes is not easy to understand. He invented one rascality to cover up another; his resourcefulness was wonderful, and so he pursued his devious way over a long period, until Parnellism became a force, and once more the adventurer saw his opportunity, nor was he slow to avail himself of it.

"Parnellism and Crime."

The final act in his wasted and sinful life brings us to the Parnell Commission.

The *Times* had published a series of trenchant articles entitled "Parnellism and Crime." Pigott communicated with the solicitor to the *Times*, and as he had been able all his career to deceive and impress people, so he was enabled to deceive so astute and wary a man as Mr. Soames, the *Times*' solicitor.

To this gentleman, through Mr. Edward Caulfield Houston, associated with Mr. Buckle, on the *Times*, he was introduced. He had told Houston that he knew of the existence of certain letters of a most incriminating kind written, as he alleged, by Parnell and others, which would convict those gentlemen out of their own mouths of dastardly crimes. For a handsome consideration he undertook to procure those letters and place them in possession of the *Times*' solicitor.

The result of the negotiations was that he went to the Continent several times. He was to see some mysterious person in Lausanne, and thither he repaired at the expense of his employers. Then we find him in Paris having interviews with Mr. Patrick Egan and other prominent Fenians. A trip to America was also undertaken, and other trips to Lausanne and Paris.

Parliament Steps In.

At last the *Times* launched its thunderbolts at the Parnellites, and so serious were the allegations that were made that a Parliamentary Commission was at last authorised to make the most searching inquiry into these damaging charges brought against a large body of Parliamentary representatives.

Mr. Houston had reported the Phoenix Park murder trials for the *Times*, and it was while he was in Dublin in connection with that business that he made the acquaintance of Pigott, and learnt that he had been the proprietor of the *IRISHMAN* and knew a great deal of the inner circles of Fenianism.

Owing to this meeting, Mr. Houston published a pamphlet entitled "Parnellism Unmasked," the whole of the information being provided by Pigott. As there were some serious statements in the pamphlet, Houston asked Pigott if he could substantiate them by documentary evidence. That Pigott undertook to

do, and Houston promised to pay him one guinea a day and all his expenses during the investigations. That was the beginning of the forged letters.

Pigott was not the man to let a good thing slip out of his hands. He was a practised hand at forging, and a few letters more or less presented no difficulty, as far as he was concerned. Having got some letters, Houston took them to Mr. Macdonald, manager of the *Times*, who was to satisfy himself that they were genuine. This he would seem to have done, as they were published in facsimile in the *Times*, and their publication caused an immense amount of astonishment.

When it came to a question of law, the *Times* relied, and very properly relied, upon Pigott as the principal witness to justify the course they had taken. But the artful wretch had in the meantime been coquetting with Mr. Labouchere and his solicitor, Sir George Lewis, and practically confessed, if not entirely, that he had forged the letters.

It was money he wanted; money—from anyone or anywhere so long as he got it. It mattered not to him where he got it or how he got it, or how it was tainted, he would take it. He had bled poor Mr. W. E. Forster, who had been Irish Secretary, until that gentleman declined further bleeding; then blackmailing was tried. Mrs. Pigott at this time was dead, and he whined to everyone about his "poor orphan children," and thus begot sympathy.

Before His Judges.

On February 20th, 1889, Pigott was called into the witness-box before the judges. What his feelings were must be imagined. He knew that at last he had come before an inquisition where the mask would be torn from his face and his naked infamy exposed. How could he hope to escape the scathing scalpel of cross-examination which he would have to endure?

He gave his name as Richard Pigott and his age as fifty-four, and his residence as 11 Sandycove Avenue, Kingstown. For two days the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, examined him; then he was taken in hand for cross-examination by Sir Charles Russell, and he withered away, as it were, under the pitiless and searching light that was thrown on his transactions.

He was helpless, and yet his power of self-control was wonderful. His immobile face betrayed nothing of his agony. On the 26th, when he was called, he did not answer to his name. It was known, of course, that he had disappeared from Anderton's Hotel, in Fleet Street, where he had been staying. A warrant was at once put in force, but Pigott could not be found. He had fled to Madrid, thinking he would be safe, but he was unaware that an extradition treaty had come into existence a few years before that date.

Foiled the Detectives.

On arriving in Madrid he filled up a blank cheque on the Hibernian Bank, where he had no account, for a large amount, and tried to induce a Madrid banker to cash it, but the banker declined.

Moneyless and desperate, he wrote to Mr. Soames for help, and that betrayed his hiding-place. A telegram was at once sent to the Madrid police, and detectives followed the telegraph.

When the officers went to the hotel where he was staying to arrest him, he met them with an oily smile and begged to be allowed to put his things together. They followed him to his bedroom, where, stooping down, he put his hand in an open bag on the floor, drew a revolver, and before he could be stopped he had scattered his brains.

Pigott was a monstrosity who defamed his life, wasted the gifts God had given him, and inflicted untold suffering on hundreds of people who had trusted him.

He had lived for himself alone, and not one good act can be placed to his credit. He died unwept, unpitied, unsung. No, not altogether unpitied, for, selfish and debased as he was, we may yet feel sorrow for a life so wasted.

"I TOLD teacher, papa, that you said she taught you when you was a little boy."

"What did she say?"

"That stupidity must run in the family."

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HEAD OFFICE: MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

IF YOU SEE IT IN "P.W." IT'S SO.

EXPERIENCES.

A NEW SERIES.

Forgotten!~

This story is an actual experience, true in every detail, and it will be followed week by week by others, not vastly sensational, perhaps, but throbbing with truth and reality.

ACCORDING to my teacher's report to the governess, I had been inattentive to my lessons and rude to herself. As I did not understand what "inattentive" meant and distinctly remembered calling Miss Dew "a nasty old thing" when she punched me in the back. I pleaded guilty, and was made to stand upon a chair in the vestry.

Through the open door I could see the schoolroom down below, the rows of children at their tasks, the teachers' backs, and the seat from which I had lately been dragged by one arm. Somehow it all looked unreal and far away—so far away that I nearly cried. But, then, I was only seven!

On the vestry mantelpiece a tiny clock stood ticking away the December afternoon. Presently I grew tired of staring into the schoolroom, and began to study this object instead, wondering vaguely how many weeks and months and years were hidden inside its little case. It seemed very small to hold such a lot of time.

Then other questions occurred to me:

"Why was the school a chapel on Sundays? What did 'vestry' mean, and why was it built up steps? And, above all things, what made Miss Dew so tall and old and thin?"

Just as I reached the consideration of Miss Dew "that elderly lady arose from her table and came towards the stairs. For a moment I was afraid she must have guessed my thoughts and come to beat me, but this was not so. She took some books from the shelf in the corner and went out again, without appearing even to notice me. And she shut the door.

It seemed dreadfully lonely with the door shut; but I was tired of standing on the narrow seat of the chair, and now that they could no longer see me from the schoolroom, perhaps—

I crept down from my perch and stole across the room. There was a nice little hassock on the hearth-rug, so I sat on it and leant my back against the fireplace. Presently I went to sleep.

I woke up with a start. All around me was pitch darkness.

I had never been alone in the dark before, and it frightened me. Then I remembered that I was in the vestry, and cried:

"Teacher! Teacher!"

Nobody answered, but out of the deadly stillness there seemed to come a creaking from the things in the room. Were they coming to life? Was there something there? Where—oh, where was Miss Dew?

I fought the creaking chairs that got in my way till I reached the door into the schoolroom. It was unfastened, and I pulled it open. But nothing was beyond but blackness.

"Oh, teacher, dear teacher!" I screamed, and my voice echoed about in the empty darkness, till I stumbled over something and fell down the stairs.

Bruised and sobbing and horribly afraid, I picked myself up again and tried to find the big door.

After what seemed years of crawling on my hands and knees I found the mat that lay before it. Then I stood up, found the big handle, and turned it. The door was locked!

As I realised this I collapsed on to the mat again, and crouched against the door shrieking.

"Oh, teacher, dear teacher, come back!" I cried when I had grown a little calmer. "Come back—oh, come back! I'll be a good boy; I will—oh, I truly will. Teacher! Teacher!"

I suppose I sobbed myself to sleep, crouched there against the door, for certainly I woke a second time in the darkness. And the second time I was almost too exhausted to be frightened.

I lay there thinking for a long time, and suddenly into my thoughts came the recollection that there was a little side door in the vestry which led into the street, and that that little side door had a catch lock like the one at home.

Perhaps I could open it!

I crawled about that awful black floor again till I found the steps, and clambered up into the vestry. Bruised and battered, I found at last the side door. But I could not reach the lock.

I dragged the nearest chair I could feel towards the door, and struggled to climb it. Three times I went over, chair and all, but the fourth time I succeeded, and found the catch. With feverish fingers I tugged it backwards. It yielded. The door opened as far as the chair would permit, and a gust of cold air came in. I cried with delight.

A few minutes later I was staggering—a pitiful little figure—down the stone steps which led into the street, when suddenly I was lifted high into the air, and found myself in my father's arms. Then I saw that close beside him were my mother and Miss Dew, and both of them seemed to be crying.



By One Who Has Watched Them:

WHENEVER a terrible earthquake occurs, such, for instance, as that which has recently stricken Sicily, we hear much about the sufferings of the people at the scene of these disasters, but no one mentions the cats, and dogs, and horses, and other animals, which are involved.

As a matter of fact, animals are very sensitive to the slightest of earthquake shocks.

There are portions of this world's unreliable surface, which are disturbed by earthquake with uncomfortable regularity; parts of Mexico, Italy, South America, and notably Japan.

Terrier who Always Yelled.

Among the European residents Nagasaki, the great Japanese seaport, is familiarly known as "Earthquake town." It is nothing at all out of the ordinary for from nine to twelve mild shocks to be felt there during the twenty-four hours. This condition of affairs, with a few intermissions of no great length, prevails throughout the year.

Its initial effect upon Europeans is to produce a feeling of profound nausea. The native population are, one and all, serenely indifferent to it. But the more domesticated animals and birds seem never to become used to what the poet calls, "the vexed and uneasy earth." Moreover, they appear to be gifted (or cursed) with a foreknowledge of the coming "quake," which is most uncanny.

I had a little Irish terrier that used to lie on a mat in my office. He would be curled up, fast asleep; then, suddenly, with a sharp yelp, he would spring up, and immediately dive under his mat. A minute later the house shook, and I knew that the dog had been a true prophet. The shock over, "Jim"

would emerge, shake himself, and curl up, and go to sleep again!

In his waking hours he invariably barked and crawled under a chair or table just before the "quake" came.

I have seen a dog, trotting contentedly along the street, stick his tail between his legs, and race at break-neck speed for the nearest doorway, without the slightest apparent reason. But the animal instinct was never wrong. Another would lie down flat, put his head between his paws, and howl dismally. The shock always followed within a minute or two.

Dogs seem to be more frightened of earthquakes than any other pets (cats are unaffected), and their fear never wholly wears off.

A Fowl's Amusing Antics.

Horses tremble violently, and become covered instantly in a complete lather, neighing loudly and incessantly before, during, and for a short while after the shock. But, like the humans, they become used to the inevitable in time, although it never ceases to affect their nervous system, and makes them irritable and restless.

The antics of the feathered creation supply an amusing side to the situation. I have seen a most respectable fowl, the mother of a large family, suddenly squat down in the dust of the roadway, with her wings spread out to their fullest extent, "squawking" in a most ludicrous manner. The majestic rooster, meanwhile, was running round and round, in aimless circles.

When the tremor had passed, and she was shaking the dust off her feathers, her lord and master seemed to be instantly struck with the loss of dignity which had occurred. Male-like, throwing all the blame on her, he chased her for about sixty yards, pecking at her viciously in unmistakable rage.

As the cat is the only domesticated animal which is unaffected by earthquakes, so, on the other hand, the snake seems to be the sole wild thing which views them with alarm. Its terror is exhibited in loud hissing, and an attempt to envelope its head in its own coils.

During a seismic convulsion the snake will not bite,

and, even if it should, its poison-bag will not discharge its deadly fluid, being temporarily paralysed.

Rabbits retire precipitately to their burrows just previous to a shock, and do not emerge for some time after it. The wild goats, which are abundant on the hills, look up with a sort of questioning air, but are not otherwise interested in the phenomenon occurring under their feet, and continue browsing with the utmost nonchalance.

Earthquakes have, apparently, a bad effect upon the morals of bird-pets. A friend of mine possessed a fine cockatoo, which had evidently sojourned in the company of sailors. It was supposed to be a good talker, but for a long time after its purchase it preserved an impenetrable silence, greatly to the chagrin of its owner, a lady of rather rigid principles.

Squirrels Turn Somersaults.

Then, one day, the flood-gates were opened unexpectedly, and the result was disastrous. A severe shock than usual aroused the bird out of his impassivity, and he swore, fluently and decisively, for fully ten minutes. I was assured by the scandalised lady herself that his language was awful. After that little burst, he relapsed into his wonted speechlessness, which nothing could tempt him to break. The sequel was that the lady was so afraid that another shock would some day lead to a repetition of his shocking behaviour, and the suspense of fearing it would, and waiting for it, so got on her nerves, that she actually bribed her Japanese "boy" to take it some distance into the country, and let it fly away!

Perhaps the most extraordinary effect which the earthquake has on any living thing is to be observed in the case of the squirrel. It causes that little animal to turn somersaults! This is well known to hunters and backwoodsmen, and I have myself seen squirrels in the open turning over and over just after a shock, as if in a state of vertigo. This lasts for about two minutes, after which they stop dead, and then scamper for the nearest tree.

Life in earthquake latitudes is trying for the nerves of both animal and human beings, and it is a standing joke in Nagasaki that no cook dare include a blanc-mange in the menu, because its instability is too marked a reminder of prevailing conditions.

OUR TELEGRAPH BOARD.

THE LATEST METHOD OF INTERVIEWING.

This feature of "P.W." consists in telegrams sent by us to all sorts and conditions of men and women, on any subject that happens to be of interest at the moment. The telegrams reproduced below are their actual replies.

The winter sales are now in full swing, and to a number of well-known ladies we put this question: WHAT IS THE APPARENTLY ENORMOUS ATTRACTION OF SALES FOR YOUR SEX? So far the only reply to hand is from Mrs. Oscar Beringer, the brilliant dramatist and writer, who says:

It is Jackdaw Propensity which is innate in every woman to accumulate useless superfluities, an insatiable desire to prevent their falling into that cat, Mrs. Proulx, and the vice of the Bargain wave to the feminine brain.

Viscountess Harberton, well known as the pioneer in this country of "rational dress" for women, recently wrote to the Press pointing out, apropos the cinematograph fire disaster, that women's skirts hamper them greatly in panics. We telegraphed to her: WILL YOU KINDLY TELL US WHETHER WOMEN IN GENERAL ARE SHOWING MORE INCLINATION TO ADOPT RATIONAL DRESS THAN FORMERLY, AND IF NOT, WHY NOT? Lady Harberton replied:

There appears a growing impression that their dress is injurious but women still lack the courage of their opinions. The only thing that prevents progress is the fear of Fremont's Harberton.

Among old age pensioners who recently drew their first week's money was Mrs. Rebecca Clarke, of Wood Green, who was born in 1803, and is said to be London's oldest old age pensioner. To this indeed venerable lady we wired: HOW DID YOU SPEND YOUR FIRST WEEK'S OLD AGE PENSION? and received this reply from a member of Mrs. Clarke's family:

In answer to the question bought calico for underwear and a new henry for the gaiters. The odd pence was given to the poor.

Here are more replies to the question: WHAT IN YOUR OPINION WOULD BE OUR BEST MEANS OF DEFENCE AGAINST INVASION BY AIRSHIP? Our correspondents this week are Admiral of the Fleet Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, G.C.B., C.M.G., Admiral of the Fleet Sir Nowell Salmon, G.C.B., V.C., Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, famous for his man-lifting kites, and Mr. Percival Spencer, the aeronaut.

TO: Editor Pearson's Weekly Southampton
Should airships ever become effective for such purposes as invasion or attack? I see no form of defence except using similar weapons. Sir Nowell Salmon.

TO: Editor Pearson's Weekly Southampton
Up ships, by aeroplanes must be met by similar weapons. No fear of such invasion as hovers over the horizon. When aerial attack will have driven the millionaires to the air. Sir Nowell Salmon.

TO: Editor Pearson's Weekly Southampton
We command the Sea, why not the air? Let the government spend a single million out of the hundreds spent on warships to acquire this country having the best aerial craft, we've got the ships, we've got the men, let's have the air too. Percival Spencer.

TO: Editor Pearson's Weekly Southampton
Invade enemies' country with aeroplanes. Major Baden-Powell.

Hat-pins are being all too frequently used as an offensive weapon. To several theatrical "stars" we put this question: HOW WOULD YOU SUGGEST THAT MAN COULD PROTECT HIMSELF AGAINST ATTACK BY HAT-PIN? So far we have received only one reply—from Miss Marie George, the "darling" of Drury Lane.

Keep away from the wearer. Marie George.

Miss Muriel Matters, of House of Commons grille notoriety, was recently asked, while speaking at a meeting, why she did not get married, and retorted because there were not enough men to go round. We telegraphed to Miss Matters: IF THERE WERE ENOUGH MEN TO GO ROUND WOULD YOU STILL WANT THE VOTE, AND, IF SO, WHY? Miss Matters answered:

I had six husbands. I should still want one. Matters.

Playing in a football match at Glasgow, Mr. George Robey, the famous comedian, who is a football enthusiast, missed a penalty kick, so we wired to the popular George: WHY DID YOU MISS THAT PENALTY KICK? and he replied:

It is no use telling you that I missed the penalty kick purposely as you would not believe it. Thank goodness I got a legitimate goal shortly after my farcical attempt. Overjoyed at the confirmation of press & public at my seeming error of judgment, I complimented Robey Theatre Royal Glasgow.

"Hit me, Kick me, Knock me down, but don't tear my SCOUT." You have only to purchase a copy of this excellent boys' paper to be in complete agreement with the foregoing sentiments.

Picked Pars.

A Few Items of Fact that Will
Interest You.

Geese Worth Having.

A man and his wife who keep a poultry farm at Tambook, on the River Amur, found a number of grains of gold in the crop of a goose they killed last week. They at once killed ten other geese, and discovered gold in each of them.

Put out with Snow-Balls.

An outbreak of fire at a shop the other day did extensive damage. Water not being available, a bystander broke the plate-glass in front of the building, and hundreds of helpers threw snow upon the flames, until they were extinguished.

From Signalman to Professor.

James Fagan, a signalman employed by the Boston and Maine Railway, U.S.A., has become a lecturer at Harvard University. The years of observation which he spent in his box led to a series of articles, which were a severe arraignment of all American railroads. These articles drew public attention to him, and President Eliot, of Harvard, appointed him to lecture before the new School of Business Administration.

Large Fall of
Meteors.

Five meteoric stones weighing from two to sixteen pounds each fell a few days ago in the village of Jubilla del Agua, Spain, setting fire to a farm.

Curate as Organ
Grinder.

In reply to a challenge to show practical sympathy with the unemployed, the Rev. J. J. Phillips, curate of St. Peter's, Preston, paraded the streets with a barrel organ the other day, and collected a considerable sum for the mayor's unemployed fund.

Unfortunate Drill
Horse.

Learning that the Aldeburgh howitzer battery possessed only one horse, a lady resident of the town has provided them with another. In doing so, she explained that she felt sorry for the 'unfortunate animal having to undergo during drill a course of grooming by six men, one after the other.

Pike versus Otter.

The other day a pike and an otter had a desperate fight in the canal at Middletown, Armagh. The pair repeatedly rose to the surface and dived again, the water being coloured with blood. Finally the otter killed the pike and dragged it ashore. The former was afterwards shot, when it was discovered that it had an ear torn clean off. The pike weighed 23lb.

Worth Picking Up.

While two women rag pickers, in Leith, were sorting some rags, they came across an old vest, in the inside pocket of which they found three £5 notes and other valuable documents. The money had been placed by the owner of the vest, a Dumbartonshire farmer, last September, in the garment, which had then been given by his wife to a hawker.

Why Singers are
Stout.

The physical massiveness of so many famous singers of both sexes has just been explained by a Continental medical gentleman. A powerful voice can only exist with well developed lungs, which demand a broad chest. This in its turn is generally accompanied with an imposing build. And as our eminent singers usually take no exercise, practically never walk, and live richly, a certain corpulence is added to their already massive forms.

Dressed as a Woman.

"Lena Becker," who wore women's clothes for twenty years, and acted at one time as "Bearded Lady" in Barnum's Circus, and later on as a cook, was found, on her death in New York, a few days ago, to be a man.

Saved Over a Thousand Lives.

Captain White, the skipper of the Falmouth tug *Tridon*, who recently rescued twelve of the crew of the distressed Norwegian steamer *Martha* off the Cornish coast, has during his career saved over 1,000 lives. Among his "big hauls" were 420 persons from the stranded liner *Paris*, at the perilous Manacles, 300 from the *Suevic*, 32 from the *Highland Fling*. He once jumped into the water and saved a boy and a girl who had fallen over the quay.

Stage Stories.

A Few Facts About Well-known
Artists.

Tipping a King.

MADAME REJANE, the celebrated French actress, once had the strange experience of giving a tip to a King. She was travelling with her company in Africa, and stopped at Dakar, where an obliging official took them to see the King of Dakar, who received them with great solemnity. The Prime Minister, who stood behind the royal chair, intimated by many signs that a tip or two would not be unacceptable. Upon this one of the company laughingly handed the dusky minister a coin, and some of the other actors and actresses did likewise. "Then," said Madame Rejane afterwards, "I took out a five-franc piece and gave it to the King himself, who took my hand and gave it a vigorous squeeze by way of thanks."

A New Attraction.

MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, who is appearing in the London revival of *Dorothy* at the Waldorf Theatre, has had many amusing experiences in the early days of his career. One of the most amusing occurred when he was playing at the old Grecian Theatre, in a performance of *Maria Martin*; or, *The Mystery of the Red Barn*. Those were the days of three pieces a night, and before *Maria Martin* the audience were regaled with a performance of *Faust*.

The laboratory scenery in *Faust* was used to represent the barn scene in *Maria Martin*; but in order that the audience should not detect this, when the barn was shown the lights were all turned down. But in the middle of the "murder" in *Maria Martin*, a wide-awake galleryite recognised the old *Faust* scenery, and shouted: "I've seen Maria murdered twenty-five times. I've seen her killed in a cowshed, in a mansion, in a church; strangled, shot at, stabbed, and killed no end of other ways; but I'm hanged if I've ever seen the poor creature killed in a chemist's shop afore!"

Then the Audience
Laughed.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER tells an amusing story of an occasion when she was playing in *Frou-Frou* in Cape Town. As those who have seen the piece will remember, one of the strongest situations depends on the presence of a little child. "There were two carpenters engaged at the theatre," says Mrs. Potter, "one a white man and the other a black man. The white man allowed his little child to play the child in the piece.

One day, it went home from rehearsal with a violent cold. That night I, as the wife of the jealous husband (Mr. Kyle Bellew), had, as usual, to place the child in his arms; being rather hurried, and the wings being dark, I snatched up the child standing there, rushed on to the stage, placed the child in his arms, and he held it, face towards the audience, high above his head, saying, "You, you, at all events, are mine!" It is a thrilling situation; but, to Mr. Bellew's amazement, the child was greeted with a roar of laughter, which soon became perfectly hysterical. Lowering the

child to see what was the matter, he discovered, to his horror, that it was a little negro, pot black.

Obliging Him.

MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS, the famous comedian, like most celebrities of the stage, has from time to time been pestered by would-be actors who have an idea that they are born geniuses. One young man was particularly persistent in his attempts to see Mr. Roberts, and wrote to him frequently asking for advice as to how he could get on the stage.

Mr. Roberts politely advised him to give up the idea, but the young man would not do so, and began haunting the stage-door of the theatre at which Mr. Roberts was appearing, until at last the comedian could stand it no longer. The aspirant was invited in one evening, and Mr. Roberts met him on the stage after the fall of the curtain.

"You are the gentleman who wants to know how to get on the stage?" he said. "Well, isn't it simple? Isn't it easy? You're on it now! No, not a word of thanks! I'm delighted, I'm sure! You'll find it just as easy to get off. Good-night." After that Mr. Roberts was left in peace.

Picture Pars.

We pay half-a-crown for each original picture par. accepted
by us. See footnote.

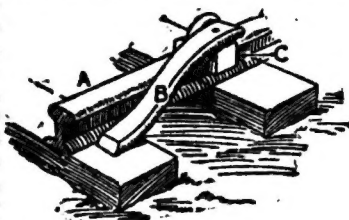
HINT FOR CLERKS.

If there is one thing more aggravating than another to a clerk it is to see his pens or pencils roll off his desk as soon as he lays them down. It is bad enough to have a newly-sharpened pencil spoiled, but it is simply galling if the broken point is that of an expensive fountain pen. Yet with the aid of common triangular paper fasteners, such as are used in most up-to-date offices, your pens and pencils may be preserved from this danger. Take one of these fasteners, and bend the inside triangle outwards until you can slip your pencil through it. This is all you need to do. You may then lay your pencil on the desk without fear of its falling off, for the wire will keep it from rolling away. If the fastener is fixed to the blunt end it will not inconvenience you when writing.



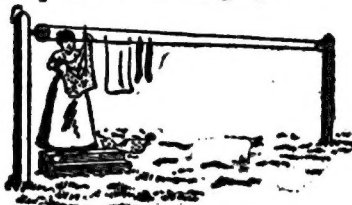
ON THE RAILS AGAIN.

It is a puzzle to many how heavy wagons or trucks which have been derailed are replaced on the rails again. Yet this herculean task is accomplished with the aid of the comparatively small implement shown in our illustration. This ramp is always used in pairs, one for each rail. When a wagon has to be lifted on to the rails, one end of the short-curved steel bar, B, is placed under the forewheel, while the other end, which swivels on a yoke, C, embraces the rail-head, A. All that is required now is a sharp pull by the locomotive. This draws the wagon up the little incline formed by the implement, and then the wheels fall on to the rails in their proper position.



LATEST FOR WASHING DAY.

HERE is an improvement on the old-fashioned method of hanging out the clothes. Our illustration shows how the new style is worked. Two poles are erected in the usual way; a pulley is fixed to the top of each, and through these a clothes-line is passed, both ends being fastened together to make it interminable so to speak. When hanging out the clothes the housewife stands on a small platform to bring her within reach of the rope. She then hangs garments on the part of the line opposite her; and when this is accomplished she gives the rope a pull to carry off the clothes she has already fastened and to bring a fresh part of the line before her on which she may attach some more garments. This new method of hanging out the clothes has many advantages. There is no danger of newly-washed articles being soiled through lowering the rope to take on new clothes, while the housewife does not require to move about to the same extent as in the old style.

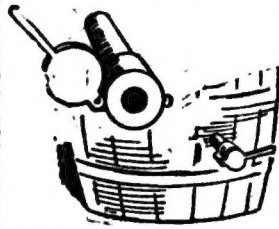


FOR MOISTENING STAMPS.

HERE is a handy little damper for moistening stamps and envelope flaps, which may be carried about in one's pocket or may form a neat accessory to one's desk. It consists of a hollow metal head, A, which has an aperture at the top, the other end being screwed to fit on to the handle, B. A piece of fine sponge is placed inside the head in such a manner that a portion protrudes through the aperture as shown at C. When the head is screwed on to the handle and the sponge is moistened, the instrument, which is used like a brush, is complete. When not in use, the covering cap, D, prevents evaporation, and keeps the sponge from being soiled. At the butt end of the handle a seal may be fixed:

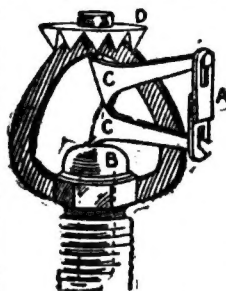
TAP FOR TREACLE.

HAVE you ever tried to stop the flow of treacle from a cask with an ordinary tap? If so, you will appreciate the woes of the grocer and other dealers who buy it in bulk from the refiners to retail to their customers. Owing to the consistency of the liquid, the ordinary tap is practically useless, while to extract it with a syphon is impossible. Our illustration, however, shows a treacle tap which is both cleanly and economical. It consists of a wooden or metal tube tapered like an ordinary tap, but instead of having a plug passed through it the tube is closed with a shutter which works on a pivot fastened at one side, and which passes over the mouth effectively closing the orifice. There is a stop on the opposite side to prevent the shutter falling too low, or this catch may be provided on the hinge itself. The shutter fits close to the face of the tube so that there can be no leakage of the liquid; while it also prevents loss of time by cutting off the flow of treacle instantly.



FOR FIGHTING FIRE IN FACTORIES.

OUR illustration is very interesting, as it depicts an automatic appliance, known as a sprinkler, which is used in large mills and factories for fighting the flames in the event of fire. Water pipes are fitted throughout the various rooms, and to these, sprinklers are attached at pre-arranged distances. When fire breaks out the temperature of the room naturally rises, and the heat, acting on the locking bar, A, causes the solder to melt. The water in the main, pressing against the valve, B, and the levers, C, causes the two portions of A to fly apart. The result is that the valve, B, is completely released and a stream of water dashes out, impinging itself against the serrated disc, D, by which it is deflected in the form of a shower. In addition the sprinkler causes an alarm to be sounded, so that the attention of people in the vicinity is early called to the outbreak.





Mr. Chorley Gives Up Suburban Life, and Assists the Removal Contractor to Move His Furniture.

"HAVEN'T the men come yet, Henry?" asked Mrs. Chorley, leaning over the head of the stairs.

"I don't see anything of 'em," replied Chorley, as he went out into the garden and looked down the road.

The "men" were the removal contractor and his assistants, who were coming for Chorley's household goods, Mrs. Chorley having decided that they had had enough of suburban life. She had, therefore, persuaded her husband to move to London.

Chorley walked some distance down the road without seeing any signs of the "men" or the removing van. At the bottom of the hill, however, he had the good fortune to espy a couple of large vehicles that were evidently the vans in question. They were standing by the side of the road, while a small crowd of people had gathered some distance off, engaged in some kind of heated discussion.

"Hallo!" cried Chorley, pushing himself into the crowd and addressing a small man; "are you the men who have come to do the moving from 'The Cedars'?"

"That's all right, guv'nor," the little man hastened to reply. "We shall be there in 'arf a minute. I was just 'avin a little argument with my mate about these 'ere Old-Age Pensions. He says they're all right; but I say it's a puffed scandal for a man to 'ave to wait till he's seventy before he gets his whack. They ought to ha' made it forty-five, and then there'd ha' bin some sense in it. This gen'lman here," and he pointed to a red-nosed outcast who was leaning against the adjacent fence, "quite agrees with me. He says as what my mate—"

"Good heavens, man!" said Chorley, "I don't care what he says, or you either. You bring your van up to my house at once. Where's your guv'nor?"

"Guv'nor's sooperintendin' another job," replied the little man who was dressed in a green apron. "Told me to tell you so. But that's all right, I'm foreman. You'll leave everything to me. That'll be all right."

Chorley waited for a few minutes while the men leisurely mounted their vans. It was eight o'clock already, and they had undertaken to be at the house by seven.

About ten minutes later, the vans drew up outside "The Cedars," and Chorley began pointing out

public-house in the High Street. It's heart-breakin', that's what it is!"

At that moment Mrs. Chorley came to the door. "Come along, Henry," she said briskly, "the men ought to have begun long ago. You shouldn't hinder them by arguing about politics."

"Politics!" exclaimed Chorley. "We weren't—" "Oh, but I heard you, dear," said Mrs. Chorley, with the smile of triumph that ladies assume when they know they are right, even when they're wrong. "You were discussing the Licensing Bill, and this man said—"

"Good-morning, ma'am," interposed the foreman, taking off his hat with a beaming smile, as he found himself the object of Mrs. Chorley's attention. "It's a very dry morning. Getting up and travelling along the roads makes me suffer from thirst terrible. I was just explainin' to the gentleman that, when I'm suffering from thirst, I get a most frightful earache. Runs all down the side o' me face, and—"

Mrs. Chorley looked sympathetic, and went back indoors. A few minutes later, a good plain breakfast was taken out to the two men, and then the foreman came in and started the packing. He began with the china, which was wrapped in paper and put into cases packed with straw. Mrs. Chorley, with a view of expediting matters, began to help, and called upon her husband to do likewise.

"You'd better leave it to us, ma'am," said the foreman. "You see, we're used to this sort of thing, and you ain't. If you was to go and break anything, we couldn't take the responsibility," and, as he spoke, the man took from Mrs. Chorley's hand a china vase that she had begun to wrap up.

"You see," the man went on, "we gives a sort o' guarantee with these 'ere vases and things. A vase like this wants expert handlin', and—"

The man's explanation was interrupted by a heart-breaking crash. As he had turned suddenly for some straw for packing, the vase, a delicate piece of china, had caught the edge of the case, and was shattered into a dozen fragments.

Mrs. Chorley screamed, and the foreman looked absolutely staggered. A moment later, however, he recovered himself, and observed, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"What did I tell yer? If you will come interferin' with me in my work, you must put up with the consequences. Look what you've gone and done!"

"Why, you did it yourself, you impudent fellow!" gasped Mrs. Chorley.

"Oh, that's all my eye!" returned the foreman, "it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't come interferin'. How can we give a proper guarantee, if outsiders is comin' in and takin' our attention off?"

Mrs. Chorley threw up her hands, and thought it best to leave the man to himself for a while. About eleven Chorley went out again to see how the work of packing was getting on. Directly the foreman saw him, he said, with a smiling face:

the best way to begin. "There was the crockery to pack, and—"

"Arf a minute, guv'nor," interrupted the foreman, "we haven't had our breakfasts yet."

"Dear me," said Chorley sympathetically, "you must be feeling hungry."

"Not so much hungry as thirsty," replied the foreman with an insinuating smile. "I can go without food for a long time. But I suffer terrible from thirst. When I'm very thirsty, I seem to lose the use o' me right knee. It goes all dead like."

"Oh, very well," said Chorley; "if you'll make a start I'll have tea brought out to you."

"Tea!" echoed the foreman drawing himself up to his full height of five-foot-one. "It's rather early for tea, ain't it, guv'nor, considerin' we ain't had breakfast yet!"

"You can have the tea or nothing," said Chorley, curtly. "I'm an abstainer myself, and I never encourage others to take strong drink."

"Oh, lor!" gasped the foreman.

"We've bin and let ourselves in for something, me and my mate. And only this morning I had the offer of a job to move a man what's taken a

public-house in the High Street. It's heart-breakin', that's what it is!"

At that moment Mrs. Chorley came to the door. "Come along, Henry," she said briskly, "the men ought to have begun long ago. You shouldn't hinder them by arguing about politics."

"Politics!" exclaimed Chorley. "We weren't—" "Oh, but I heard you, dear," said Mrs. Chorley, with the smile of triumph that ladies assume when they know they are right, even when they're wrong. "You were discussing the Licensing Bill, and this man said—"

"Good-morning, ma'am," interposed the foreman, taking off his hat with a beaming smile, as he found himself the object of Mrs. Chorley's attention. "It's a very dry morning. Getting up and travelling along the roads makes me suffer from thirst terrible. I was just explainin' to the gentleman that, when I'm suffering from thirst, I get a most frightful earache. Runs all down the side o' me face, and—"

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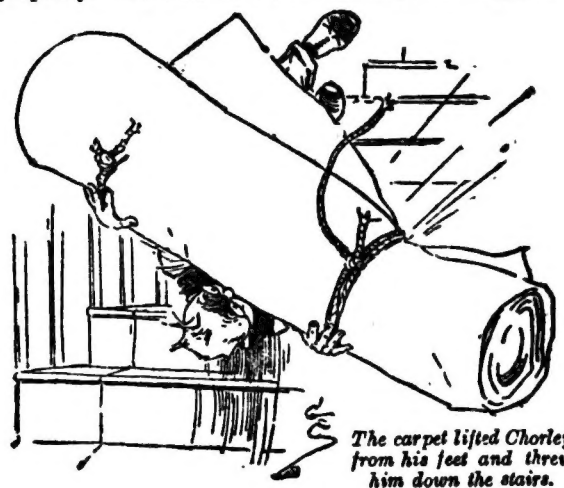
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"Could you give a hand out with the pianner, mister? My mate's gone to dinner, but I'm stickin' to it just the same."

This sudden display of diligence awoke Chorley's sympathy. He said he would be only too happy to



The carpet lifted Chorley from his feet and threw him down the stairs.

help, and he followed the foreman into the drawing-room, where the piano was.

"Now," said the foreman, "you ketch hold o' your end, and, when I say the word, lift up.—Ready?—Go!"

Chorley lifted up his end of the piano, but he could not help observing that the other end was suspiciously near the floor.

"You're not lifting your end up," he shouted.

"Yes I am," the man returned, very red in the face. "You go on. Never mind me. You go out o' the door first."

"No, no," cried Chorley excitedly, "you go first. You're nearest."

"Go on, can't yer!" shouted the man.

For about five seconds or so, each one waited for the other to move first. Then they both made up their minds to take precedence, with the result that they simply began to push against each other. And, as the foreman was by long practice a more active man, the result was that Chorley was abruptly wedged in between the piano and the wall into a smaller space than his ample figure required.

He gasped for breath, and let go his hold of the piano. It came down on his foot with a maddening thump, and the howl that Chorley gave in acknowledgment brought Mrs. Chorley hurriedly into the room.

"The gen'lman said he would help me," explained the foreman, anxious to get the first word in; "but he's a hinderin' of me instead."

"You were pushing the wrong way, you idiot!" panted Chorley.

"I was doin' my best, and nobody can't do no more," replied the foreman angrily. And then, in a softer voice, he said to Mrs. Chorley: "You see, ma'am, this is very hard work, and it makes me shockin' thirsty."

"Well, we've got to get the piano into the van, that's what we've got to do," said Mrs. Chorley, who looked on the practical side of things. And after a protracted struggle, lasting about a quarter of an hour, the two men finally succeeded in their object.

A little later the carpets had to be packed. Chorley went up and brought down all the smaller mats, and left them in a heap in the hall for the man to pack in the van. The foreman himself undertook to wrestle single-handed with the big carpet.

He got it on his shoulder with a tremendous effort, and swayed from side to side most alarmingly as he walked along the corridor to the head of the stairs.

He had only descended one step when it became evident that his load was bigger than he could control. He called out that the carpet was slipping away from him. Chorley started to run up to lend a hand, but before he had ascended a couple of stairs the roll of carpet came thundering down. The foreman called to Chorley to stop it, and Chorley said he would do so.

That, of course, was where he made his mistake. He didn't make any allowance for momentum. He held out his arms, but the carpet took no notice of his friendly advance. It dashed itself against Chorley's waistcoat, lifting him clean off his feet, and throwing him unceremoniously on to the heap of small carpets below.

It was fortunate, indeed, that the smaller carpets were there to break his fall, otherwise Chorley might have been rather badly bumped.

About three o'clock the foreman's mate came back from dinner, and the work of removal proceeded with greater rapidity. When the two vans were ready to be driven away, the foreman went upstairs to see that nothing had been left behind. He said to Mrs. Chorley, in a hoarse whisper, that he hoped everything was all right.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Chorley.

"It's my old complaint," replied the foreman. "I've had it from my boyhood. I suffer terrible from thirst, and, when I'm suffering from thirst, I lose me voice."



A delicate piece of china had caught the end of the case, and was shattered into a dozen fragments.

The boundless ocean, a desert island, a shipwrecked sailor boy. Result, unutterable misery.
Add a copy of THE SCOUT. Result, inexpressible happiness.



Naval Brigade Yarns

By Col. HAMILTON BROWNE.

Colonel Browne, "Maori" Browne as he is popularly known, recently created a sensation by offering in a daily paper to black boots for a living. After his many vicissitudes, he is now, however, happily married, and at the time of writing is away on his honeymoon.

LIBERTY ASHORE IN THE SIXTIES.

I AM given to understand that the conduct of the bluejackets on liberty ashore is now much better than it was some forty years ago.

Well, of course, there was room for improvement, and the men drank far too much, and played some very mad pranks, but yet I have had many a hearty laugh at the good-natured sport of Jack and the thorough way he enjoys himself.

I was quartered in Wellington once when two or three ships of war came into port, and, of course, in due time the men had their liberty on shore, and the fun began.

I was sitting in my club during the afternoon, when a great row of shouting and cheering was heard coming nearer and nearer, so we all went to the window to see what was up.

Presently there came along an old London omnibus, one of the ancient sort, fitted up with knife-board seats, and this was crowded on top with sailors, most of whom had bottles and glasses, which they waved in the air, and proffered to the crowds watching them.

They had bedecked the vehicle with flags, and had some fiddles and other musical instruments with them. There was nothing in this, but what struck us most was the fact that, at the rear end of the 'bus, over the door, they had rigged out two poles; to these was slung a wheelbarrow, and what this was for we could not divine.

We were not to be left long in ignorance, for, as the old 'bus turned a corner, one of the men was shot off the top, and fell on to the roadway.

Immediately rang out the shout, "Man overboard. Heave to. Pipe away the jolly boat," and the caravan, being "hove to" in proper style, down was lowered the barrow, two men slid smartly after it, manned the "jolly boat," ran back to the "drowning" man, picked him up, put him into the barrow, and back to the 'bus, where they were received with cheers.

The rescued man was deposited in the sick bay, which was the inside of the vehicle, two attendants with bottles being there to bring him round.

The crew of the barrow, ignoring the steps, scrambled up the side, the "jolly boat" was hoisted up to the davits, the mainyard was swung, and away they started off again.

On reaching a pub, where they wanted to take in small stores, and "to wood and water," the barrow was again lowered and manned and conveyed the crew into the bar, one by one, and you could safely bet that it would be more in demand and of greater use as the day wore on, or until such time as the crew of it required the use of it themselves.

JACK HIS OWN LAWYER.

The occurrence I am going to describe I did not see myself, but the yarn was told me by a brother officer, who was an eye-witness of the facts. The disastrous engagement at the Gate Pah had been fought, and an Auckland newspaper had most severely and unjustly criticised the Naval Brigade that had taken part in that unfortunate action.

Now, I have never read a good account of the fight, although I have heard many narratives from men who had belonged to the 43rd and other regiments who

had fought there. I have also heard the full particulars from Maoris, who had defended the Pah, and in none of these yarns have I ever heard a bad word against Jack, and certainly the Navy suffered heavy loss.

This being the case, it is only fair to come to the conclusion that the bluejackets had behaved, as they always have done, with great courage and devotion.

Now, no one likes to have his actions adversely criticised, much less if he is proud of his service, has done his duty, lost a lot of messmates, and knows that these criticisms are unjust.

The whole of the ships' companies, therefore, smarted under the charges asserted against them, and determined to right themselves in their own way. Certainly the editor of that paper little thought what a lot of trouble he was brewing when he printed that libel, or he would have reconsidered it, and made sure of the facts.

A short time after, the ships arrived at Auckland, and the crews were given their liberty on shore.

They landed, bringing with them a cable and two big snatch-blocks, then quietly marched to the street where the newspaper office was located, a large double-storeyed house built of wood, as were all the houses in Auckland at that time.

Throwing out strong pickets to prevent themselves being disturbed, they made the snatch-blocks fast to two old cannons, sunk into the ground, that acted as corner posts to the street. Then, entering the office, they proceeded to pass the hawser through the second-storey windows, and, passing the ends through the blocks, they manned the hawser, and dictated terms to the astonished, indignant, but thoroughly frightened, editor.

He must at once withdraw his abominable and untruthful assertions in print, and also add a complete apology, or else down came his house.

There was no doubt about it, for there was the hawser manned by two or three hundred bluejackets, there were the bosons' mates, with their pipes out ready to pipe, and, with the strain on the hawser, it would not require much piping to bring the whole box of tricks about the editorial ears.

Well, there was a rush, the type was set up in record time, and shortly copies of the withdrawal and apology were thrown through the windows and distributed.

This was all Jack required, and the *amende honorable*, having been made, Jack withdrew himself, his hawser, and his blocks, leaving the editor to proceed with next day's newspaper.

THE GRAND ROUNDS AND THE DOUBLE SENTRIES.

Now, Jack is just as useful on shore as he is on sea, but, although a first-class fighting man, and a most useful man under any circumstance, yet he is not quite up to certain forms of military etiquette, and, with a quaint answer, will sometimes cause a laugh.

I was at Ibeke towards the end of 1877, when the Naval Brigade of H.M.S. *Active* marched in. Many stories were going round about the natives, who were expected to attack the camp, so much so, that it was deemed necessary by the O.C. to have extra strong pickets, and double sentries mounted, while

And so, in Longboat's own words again, "My sweetheart came in the nick of time, and nerved me to a supreme effort, which exhausted Dorando's reserves of strength, and won me the race."

In the Dorando v. Hayes match the latter's sweetheart was also present. But for once, anyway, she did not prove a mascot. Even her despairing cry of, "Oh, Johnny, Johnny," as she fell back fainting, when she saw her lover was beaten, could not spur the exhausted American to a superhuman effort—he was "done."

Disguised as a Man.

Women share so fully in men's sports nowadays that they are to be found at all sorts of athletic meetings. Still, their presence at big glove fights is something of a rarity. Indeed, in this country it is practically unknown, though the tale goes that a lady once witnessed a great boxing match at the National Sporting Club disguised as a young man.

Nevertheless, the womenkind of pugilists naturally take the keenest interest in their doings, and, when Tommy Burns was fighting Gunner Moir at the N.S.C., Mrs. Burns waited anxiously at an adjacent hotel, and had reports of the battle transmitted to her every few seconds.

In some countries there is a certain amount of prejudice against women witnessing boxing matches; but in America there is no such feeling. Indeed, there, it is the rule rather than the exception for a pugilist's wife to be present among the audience, even at the very ringside itself.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons, wife of "Bob" Fitzsimmons—they are both, by the way, now making a tour of our music-halls—was the best second the redoubtable

everyone was warned to be ready to turn out at a moment's notice.

I was field-officer of the day the first night the Naval Brigade went on duty, and, of course, I had to visit all the pickets and sentries twice during the night.

The camp, or, rather, camps, for each unit had a separate camp, covered a lot of ground, so that it was a longish ride to go all round them.

I started off on my first visit, and presently came to the sailors' camp.

"Alt, who goes there?" rang out a hoarse voice.

"Grand rounds," I answered.

The challenge went no further, but I heard a muttering between the sentries, one of whom, in accordance with orders, was lying down. Then the same voice began again.

"Come on, Mr. 'orse officer; I knows you, sir, but let the other beggars stop where they are." These other beggars were my two orderlies. I rode up to the sentry, and gently admonished him, at the same time telling him the proper words with which to challenge the 'grand rounds,' and told him that, as I should have to pass his post again on my return, I should expect to be challenged in the proper manner. This he promised to do.

After visiting the other sentries and guards of the N.B. camp, I returned; my friend was still on sentry, but was lying down, and it was his mate who was standing up, and who challenged.

"Alt, who goes there?"

"Grand rounds," I replied.

Hastily bestowing a kick on his recumbent partner, he howled out, "Bill, get up, you. 'Ere's that blankety blank bounder, as calls 'isself grand rounds, come again. Wat's the yarn I've got to pitch him?"

MILITARY TACTICS.

I was in Durban when the Naval Brigade of H.M.S. *Boadicea* was being landed. The general, staff, and as many officers as could get away from duty, were at the port to meet them and see them land.

With the general stood the commodore, and presently Jack began to disembark from the boats that had brought them up to the landing place.

The first boat-load, as soon as they had fallen in, moved forward, so as to give room for the next boat-load to land, and came tramping along the jetty under the command of a big, burly petty officer.

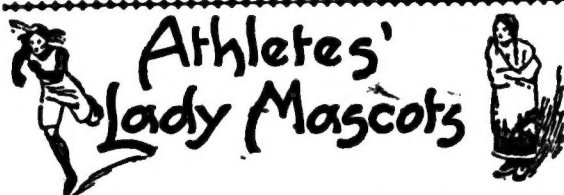
Just as they got opposite to where we were standing, the petty officer, evidently thinking he had allowed sufficient room for the men following his party, gave the word, "Halt," but his men paid no notice to the order, and still tramped on. Again the order was given, and again no notice was taken of it.

This was too much for the P.O., and, regardless of all the officers standing there, he made a rush at the leading file, and, with a punch in the ribs that would have stove in a rum puncheon, bellowed out, "Heave to, you bounder."

Jack promptly hove to.

A mighty laugh went up from us all, and the fine old commodore, turning to the general, remarked, "My men don't seem to be up in military tactics, but you will find them all right in the field."

And so we did.



The Presence of a Sportsman's Wife, or Sweetheart, Usually Brings Him Luck.

WHEN Tom Longboat, the great Indian runner, beat Dorando Pietri in the "Marathon" race at New York, more hung on the result than the prize and fame.

For to Longboat winning or losing the battle meant winning or losing a bride—a beautiful Indian maiden named Loretta Maricle.

Tom and Loretta, if they will pardon the familiarity, had long been in love with one another, but Loretta's father, a tough old Indian brick, would not give his consent, because he considered, after the manner of fathers all over the world, that they were both too young.

However, when the Dorando match was arranged, Longboat went to the old chief, and said, "If I beat Dorando, I take Loretta; if I lose, I give her up." And the old man grunted, "It is good."

Small wonder, then, that, in his own words, Longboat "just had to win." Moreover, just at the critical point of the race, Miss Loretta proved herself a veritable mascot. For she stepped to the railing, waving her hand, and signalled, "If you win, I'll marry you."

blacksmith ever had. Anyway, if she were not actually in the ring when Bob fought his great fight with Jim Corbett, Mrs. Fitzsimmons was in a box close by, and throughout the contest administered advice and exhortation to her husband, culminating in a wild shriek of triumph when Bob dealt the famous "solar plexus" punch that sent "Gentleman Jim" gasping and writhing to the boards, not to rise again until the fatal ten seconds had elapsed.

Then, when Terry McGovern, the "battering ram," fought Pedlar Palmer, the former's wife anxiously watched the battle from their house on the top of a hill, which commanded a view of the arena.

Acts as His Companion.

Another instance of a feminine mascot to an athlete may be mentioned in the person of Miss Welsh, sister of Freddy Welsh, the Pontypridd boxer. She acts as his companion when he is training, and is present at all his contests in America.

But, perhaps, the most curious case of this kind concerns Kid McCoy and a well-known and beautiful music-hall singer.

They were friends, and, when the beauty was present Kid McCoy seemed to be a stone better man than when she was absent. And, when they finally quarrelled and parted, from that moment McCoy's luck seemed to desert him altogether.

Of course, it is only natural that an athlete should be spurred to supreme efforts by the knowledge that someone near and dear to him is looking on; but, still, it does seem that some women are veritable mascots to athletes, and the above are only a few instances of feminine luck-bringers.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.



The Black Gladstone

A Pathetic Little Tale with a Happy Ending.

By E. NEWTON BUNGEY.

JOHN HENDERSON sat at his desk in his private room. That "private room" was the standing joke of the employees of Messrs. Ladbury, Son, and Wilson. Originally it had been a small store-room for musty books and papers, but when the staff had been increased the room had been partially cleared out and a desk placed in it. To his delight, the room had been given to John Henderson.

The day was cold and the room draughty. Despite this, only a tiny fire burned in the grate. Henderson shivered, but, though a well-filled scuttle of coals stood beside the fender, he did not trouble to add fresh fuel to the flames.

John Henderson would never see fifty again. He was a slenderly-built man, with grey hair and moustache. His cheeks were hollow and his eyes lacked lustre. Yet the latter held an expression that made people say, "This man is straight; he would wrong no one."

For nearly forty years he had been in the same employment. He had grown up with the firm, and had kept a certain section of books for thirty years. He had slowly but surely grown into a human machine, doing exactly as his masters required, year in, year out. No one ever found him out in a mistake; he was a model of carefulness, punctuality, and neatness.

His salary was two pounds a week.

Sometimes he recollected the day he received his last increment. He was just twenty-eight years of age then. He had rushed to meet his sweetheart, and told her of the great news. For it meant much to them—nothing less than their marriage.

So they became man and wife. With the years came children, until there were six mouths to feed—six people to share in the poor little two pounds a week, which never became more.

It was a desperately hard struggle, but Henderson and his wife fought bravely. They brought up their children to the best of their ability, and eventually sent them out into the world to earn their own living. Then it seemed that they might have lived in comfort on the two pounds a week, but misfortune dragged their steps. Henderson's father died, leaving his wife penniless, and she came to live with her son. She was ever ailing, and the doctor's bill needed paying. But Henderson plodded on, uncomplaining, hoping for the rise in salary which never came.

As a crowning stroke of misfortune, James Henderson, the eldest son, met with an accident, which rendered him incapable of working, and he, too, came back to the poor little home and the two pounds a week.

It was hard—it was desperately hard—both for Henderson and his wife. Presently they ceased to talk of an addition to their income, and became fearful lest the two pounds a week should fail. Anxiety and want rendered them gaunt and aged beyond their years, and often Henderson sat at his desk when he should have been in bed. He feared to absent himself, lest he should thereby give offence.

He knew that if he were discharged he would never find other employment, and fear made his heart sick, and rendered him so careful that he became more a machine than ever.

Messrs. Ladbury, Son, and Wilson had grown to regard Henderson as an office fixture. Really they never thought of dismissing him, so that, if he had but known, his fears were groundless. But he had never pushed himself forward, and somehow no one ever thought that his salary was inadequate or that it might be increased.

Other men came into the firm and pushed themselves on. Their work might not have been done as well as Henderson's, but they got on because they never lost a chance of bringing themselves to notice. It was merely an illustration of the old saying, that is for the main part true, "If a man thinks well of himself, he can generally persuade other people also to think well of him."

But Henderson's policy for many years had been to seclude himself. He knew that he looked old, and too often did he hear the saying, "Too old at forty." Generally the thirty minutes he allowed himself for lunch—the other clerks took a full hour—were occupied in thinking of his dear wife, of their hard fight, the awful fear of discharge, and the terrors of the unknown future.

No one but himself knew how he trembled each Friday night when he went to the cashier and took his money. No one understood the feeling of great relief, which left him almost sick, when he walked away with the two gold coins, and knew that he was safe for another week.

The other clerks smiled loftily when they came in each morning to find Henderson already hard at work, and they grinned compassionately when they left at the appointed hour in the evening and Henderson was still working.

Messrs. Ladbury, Son, and Wilson manufactured clocks of all descriptions. Their factory was in the Black Country, but they had a large warehouse in London, in addition to their offices.

Clocks of various kinds stood on the mantelpieces and shelves in every room, and all day long there was an incessant "tick-tock, tick-tock," whilst at the quarters, halves, and hours there was a booming and a ringing of bells and gongs in every key. To a stranger the noise was intolerable, but the clerks grew accustomed to it.

John Henderson liked to hear the ticking as he sat in his room. During all the years he had grown so used to

the various sounds that he could tell immediately what clock was striking, despite the fact that there were twenty other clocks with a similar chime.

"The Louis Quinze is a minute slow," he murmured, pausing a second from his book-work to examine his watch.

Before he could resume his labours the door of his room opened and Jack Ladbury, the son of the senior partner, entered. He shivered, and threw some coal on the fire.

"By jingo, Mr. Henderson," he said, "this room is like an ice-house! Don't you feel the cold? Why, it's freezing hard."

"It is cold, Mr. John," replied Henderson, a wan smile lighting up his worn countenance.

Jack Ladbury glanced keenly round the room, and presently his gaze fell on a large black gladstone bag, worn and shabby with age.

"You still stick to the old gladstone, Mr. Henderson," he remarked, staring straight into the old clerk's eyes.

For the moment John Henderson did not reply, but his pale face flushed suddenly and then as quickly paled again.

"Yes, old friends are the truest, Mr. John," he stammered, obviously ill at ease.

The senior partner's son noted the flush and the manner in which Henderson spoke, and he stared thoughtfully out of the window. The old clerk watched him uneasily, and the hand which held his pen shook so that he was compelled to lay it down.

"Don't you forget to keep your room warm, Mr. Henderson," Ladbury remarked. "You'll be getting a cold if you're not careful."

With that he left the room and went direct to a sumptuously-furnished office, where a young man sat waiting.

"Well, Jack?" the latter asked, and in a few moments the two young men were deep in conversation.

Some disquieting facts had recently come home to the heads of the firm. In a mysterious manner a number of clocks had disappeared. So far the knowledge was confined to the members of the firm, and, of course, the thief or thieves. With the consent of the heads, Jack Ladbury and Arthur Ellington, the latter a nephew of the junior partner, had taken up the task of running the thieves to earth. So far, however, their efforts had met with no success.

When Jack Ladbury had quitted Henderson's room, the old man sat very still, staring at the closed door. His eyes were wide open and full of fear, his countenance expressive of terrible anxiety, his thin hands shaking. For fully five minutes he remained in this manner, the trembling prisoner of his thoughts.

Suddenly his head bent and his quivering hands were pressed against his face.

"Maggie, Maggie," he whispered, "it's come at last! How shall I tell her—how shall I tell her? After all the years, it's come at last!"

For half an hour the old man sat like a carved image, the only evidence of life being when a silent sob shook him from head to foot. Never before had he robbed his employers of so long a time—"robbed" is his own definition.

Presently he mastered his feelings and grasped his pen again. But he had aged in appearance fully a year during those thirty minutes.

At seven o'clock, an hour after the other employees had gone, John Henderson climbed on a 'bus outside the office and rested the gladstone bag on the conductor's platform. He shrank into a corner and stared through the dingy windows, though his eyes saw nothing.

The conductor moved the bag to a more convenient position. He knew Henderson well by sight, for the old man always came out at the same hour, and often caught that particular 'bus.

"Bag 'eavy, as usual," thought the conductor. "It's a lick to me 'ow the old chap carries it. 'E looks mighty knocked up to-night. I reckon it won't be long before 'e's troublin' the undertaker."

At the conclusion of a twopenny fare John Henderson got off the 'bus and went staggering along a gloomy street, bent with the weight of the black gladstone. After five minutes' walk he knocked at the door of a tiny house situated in a row of equally tiny houses in a squalid street. A thin, faded woman admitted him into a dark, narrow passage, putting an arm caressingly around his neck and kissing him.

"You look dreadfully done up, John," she said anxiously, as a moment later, she saw his face by the light of the oil lamp in the sitting-room. "Aren't you well, dear?"

The old clerk smiled. At least he meant to smile, but the effort was a ghastly failure.

"I'm a bit tired, Maggie," he murmured. "I shall be glad of a rest."

"Sit you down, John; I've got you a nice warm supper," said his wife, watching him with eyes that were still full of love, despite the many, many troubles they had seen.

"But perhaps," she added, "you'll want to see mother first. She's been asking for you."

"Yes. How is she to-night?"

"Sadly, John."

The old man sighed. "I'll go up and see her," he murmured, moving heavily towards the door, followed by the anxious gaze of his wife.

He made his way up to a tiny room that contained little more than a bed. In the latter lay an old lady some years past her allotted span of life. A glad smile lit up her wasted face as she saw him.

"My boy," she said in trembling tones, "I'm so glad to see you to-night."

John Henderson bent over his mother and kissed her.

Then he stood beside her, holding her frail hand in his. In point of fact there was not much to choose between the two hands as regards evidence of vitality.

He stood for a few moments chatting to her, but their conversation was interrupted by another voice coming from an adjoining room. At least, it was called a room by courtesy; it was in reality a recess intended for boxes.

"Father, is that you?" came the voice.

"Coming, Jim," answered Henderson.

"I'll be back in a few moments, dear," he said, smoothing his mother's forehead.

He left the room and entered the next. There was just sufficient space for him to stand by a truckle bed, on which lay his eldest son.

"Doctor has been in," the young man said in weary tones. "He said I could get well if I could go to the sea and have a course of baths."

John Henderson sighed heavily.

"I told him he might as well prescribe me a tour round the world; it would be just as much in my reach," the sufferer muttered.

The father did not speak; he could not. He merely leaned against the bed, sick at heart, his head drooping.

"Ah, forgive me, dad!" cried Jim. "It's only that I get so miserable lying here month after month, year after year. I know you do all you can. It was cruel of me to speak as I did."

"No, Jim; no," murmured the old clerk, passing his hand wearily before his eyes. "It wasn't cruel of you; it was only natural. Someone is cruel, though, my boy; I don't know who, but someone must be cruel to let this go on, and—Ah!" He paused and sighed suddenly, sick with fear, as he recollected the events of the afternoon.

If it was cruel with the two pounds a week coming in, he thought, what would it be when there was nothing at all coming in?

"I'll come up and read to you later on, Jim," he muttered. "I must go back to your grandmother now."

That was how his evenings were spent. He read to his mother and son, until there was just a few minutes left—such highly-prized minutes—when he might sit with his wife before it was time for slumber.

He returned to his mother's bedside and continued the interrupted conversation. Meanwhile another scene was taking place downstairs.

Unobserved by John Henderson, Jack Ladbury and Arthur Ellington had followed the old clerk to his home. When he had been indoors about five minutes, they knocked, and the door was opened by Mrs. Henderson.

"We have come from Ladbury, Son, and Wilson," said Jack. "We should like to see your husband."

Mrs. Henderson glanced anxiously at their faces, a sudden bitter fear at her heart. Then she admitted them into the living-room.

"Would you mind waiting a few moments?" she asked. "My husband is upstairs, sitting with his mother, who is very ill."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Henderson," replied Jack Ladbury, gazing with an uneasy regret at the woman's worn face and tired eyes. "Don't tell him we are here; we have no wish to interrupt. When he comes down will be plenty of time."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Henderson. "I am getting my husband's supper. You will excuse me?"

Both men bowed. Somehow they found themselves treating the old clerk's wife with a deference they would have bestowed on one of their own station in life.

"Poor fellow!" muttered Ellington. "It'll about kill his wife; she seems pretty low now."

"Look here, Ellington," said Ladbury firmly, "if we bring it home to Henderson it need go no further. We'll talk to him and make it right with father and your uncle, and Henderson can keep his job."

"Just what I think," answered Ellington. Then he started suddenly to his feet and pointed to a corner of the room. "There it is!" he said excitedly.

He was pointing at the black gladstone bag.

Both men moved towards the bag. Ladbury picked it up.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "it's deuced heavy, and it was empty when he came this morning, I'm sure. Here, let's open it. Hang it, it's locked! Got any keys?"

Ellington produced a bunch, and one of them fitted the lock, and the bag yawned open. Then both men started back in astonishment.

Instead of the several clocks they had expected to find, all they saw was coal—black, shining nobs of coal.

"What's it mean?" muttered Ellington.

"He hasn't been out to get it," said Ladbury thoughtfully; "it must have come from the office."

"I've got it!" he cried. "Haven't you noticed what a skimpy fire the old chap always keeps up? He sits there shivering all day so as to bring his allowance of coal home."

"Arthur!" he said, "we're a couple of blackguards. Yes, I mean it—blackguards is what we are, to suspect the poor beggar of sneaking the clocks."

The door suddenly opened, and Mrs. Henderson entered. She saw the open bag, gazed pitifully at the two men, and then staggered, and would have fallen had not Ladbury leapt forward and caught her.

"So you know?" she murmured a second later, her thin hands clutching the back of a chair. "You know? What are you going to do?"

"Don't upset yourself, Mrs. Henderson," said Ladbury, in tones trembling with feeling. "We're not going to do anything. Just you tell us why he did it."

Mrs. Henderson's eyes lit with hope for a second, and then became dull and tired again as she replied:

"He did it because we could not afford to have a fire. Every night through the winter he has done it, and it is killing him. Ah! gentlemen, you can't realise what poverty is; you don't understand how we exist. All that has to be done on two pounds a week, with ourselves and two invalids to keep out of it."

"He did no harm. The coal was meant for him to use; he only saved it for us to share it with him. It was so little—just enough to keep us warm. It isn't theft, gentlemen; it isn't theft."

In low tones she went on to describe the years of

Stories written by men who have actually "done things" are what boys enjoy. They find them every week in THE SCOUT.

dreary existence, of strenuous, hopeless fight, and, as she spoke, the two men felt their throats grow full, and they despised themselves.

"Mrs. Henderson," said Ladbury, when she had finished because her trembling tones failed, "Mrs. Henderson, you must promise us not to let your husband know we called. We will be going now, in case he comes down."

"But you'll look over it, won't you? He'll not do it again. I don't mind the cold—really, I don't."

"Of course, we'll look over it, Mrs. Henderson, or, at least, we'll persuade the firm to," answered Ladbury. "Come along, Arthur!"

The two men took their hats and passed through the dark passage into the street. Not a word was spoken between them until they said "good-night," and then they parted.

In the morning Henderson was hard at work in his room when a boy came in.

"Mr. Ladbury wants you, Mr. Henderson," he said. The old clerk rose stiffly to his feet, his features working convulsively; his fingers gripped nervously at the desk, and a gasp that was half a moan left his lips.

"At last," he muttered. "Oh, Maggie, Maggie!"

He walked to Mr. Ladbury's room, looking neither to the right nor left. The other clerks said afterwards that he looked as though he was walking in his sleep.

In the private office sat Mr. Ladbury, his son, and Mr. Wilson. They gazed at the old clerk as he entered, and Mr. Ladbury indicated a chair.

"Sit down, Henderson," he said.

John Henderson gazed despairingly at the tribunal, and then sat down to wait his sentence.

"How long have you been with us?" the senior partner asked.

"Thirty-eight years, sir, come May."

"And for twenty-five years you have been drawing two pounds a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see, how old are you, Henderson?"

"Fifty-six, sir."

"You look older," commented Mr. Ladbury. "At any rate, we are of the opinion that you are now too old for your work."

Henderson did not reply. He sat huddled up in his chair, his chin sunk on his chest, his gaze fixed dully on the floor.

"Maggie!" he muttered, unconsciously speaking aloud.

The three men heard the word, and they leaned forward watching the old man—old before his time.

"So you think I'd better go, sir," Henderson said, speaking with an effort.

"Yes, Henderson, that is our opinion," said Mr. Ladbury.

Something in the senior partner's tone made the old clerk stare up quickly, and then start as he saw Mr. Ladbury's outstretched hand.

"Henderson," said the senior partner, "you see before you three criminals, two of them old enough to know better, who have been guilty of practically ruining a man's life. We now want to make what reparation is in our power."

"I want someone to live in a house in the grounds of my house at Brighton," went on Mr. Ladbury. "There are seven rooms in the house, it is already furnished, and there is no rent attached to it. It was intended for a steward, but I don't keep a steward. I only want someone to keep a few simple books, for which I am offering a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, together with coal, milk, and produce from the home farm. Will you take the job, Henderson?"

The three men waited for a reply, but Henderson could not speak. Slowly his hands went to his face, and between his fingers welled great tears.

Mr. Ladbury made a sign, and the other men left the room. Then he took a slip from a drawer and attached it to a piece of notepaper, on which he wrote a few words. He poured out a glass of wine, and put it on the table in front of the old clerk.

"Drink this and sit there till you feel better, Henderson. You shall not be disturbed," he said kindly. Then he also left the room.

Presently Henderson removed his hands from his face and stared around, wondering whether he had just awakened from a dream. But no, there was a glass of wine. He drank it eagerly and felt a warm thrill run through him. Then he saw the note Mr. Ladbury had left. To his mingled awe and wonder, he saw attached to it a cheque for no less an amount than £1050. The words written by Mr. Ladbury were as follows:—

"Please accept this, as being your just due, which has been withheld by us. It is a sum calculated at a rise of five pounds a year for twenty years, to which you have been well entitled."

FRANK LADBURY,

For Ladbury, Son, and Wilson.

The tears welled forth anew.

You can see Mr. and Mrs. Henderson any day at Court, near Brighton. Sometimes you can see them, with Jim Henderson, now well and strong, wheeling old Mrs. Henderson in a bath chair along the front, each of them looking ten years younger. Jim Henderson has a post on Mr. Ladbury's estate, and is getting on well.

In one of the front rooms of their pretty house in Court Park hangs a photograph of a black gladstone bag, and they never put coal on the fire without glancing up at that photo.

The actual clock thief, by the way, turned out to be an old case, in which a number of clocks had been put away by an employee who had left the firm. The case had been forgotten, and its contents not discovered for some months after Henderson's departure.

"BEG pardon, are you M'Orbit, the prize-fighter?"

"Young feller, I am a pugilist, not a prize-fighter. Are you one of them reporters?"

"No, sir; I am a journalist."

It is the exception rather than, as is should be, the rule to see a man in the streets, uncover his head to the leading coach of a passing funeral.

Some commit this breach of good manners from thoughtlessness or ignorance, though neither is to be accepted as a valid excuse. Others, especially unlicked

cubs of boys, or apologies for young men, out of a sort of beastly bravado, an airing of callow atheism, a detestable desire to be deliberately disrespectful—safe enough with the dead, isn't it? I imagine, however, that the majority of people fail to salute funerals out of a silly self-consciousness, a fear lest they make themselves conspicuous—as, indeed, unfortunately, they are apt to do—and, above all, a feeling that it looks "Frenchified."

But, my good sir, the French are not alone in uncovering to the passing dead. We are probably the only nation in the world that consistently neglects to pay this tribute, and it is not to our credit that this should be so.

If it be self-consciousness that keeps us covered before a coffin, surely to goodness we can afford to forget ourselves for a moment in the presence of those who have crossed the border.

Then, if it is exceptional to see a man salute a funeral, it is still more so to see him pay the due and proper respect to the colours of a passing regiment.

Here, again, some may err from ignorance, though one would think it impossible for anyone to see the colours, and not instinctively to feel that he should raise his hat to what is not only an emblem of his country's power, but the delegated standard of his Sovereign, and, above all, a sacred possession to guard which, surely everyone knows, the soldier must be ready cheerfully to lay down his life.

I fear, however, that the colours are often not saluted out of deliberate disrespect, arising out of that Jack-is-as-good-as-his-master spirit (which, truly interpreted, means that Jack thinks himself a great deal better than his master or anyone else), which is so much abroad nowadays as the result of imperfect methods of education and invertebrate parenthood.

Again, I have observed at band concerts in the parks and other public places that many hobbled-hoys neglect—and, it is clear, deliberate neglect—to

THE Kaiser is threatened with bankruptcy. Ever since last April the financial position of the German Court has been shaky, and efforts have been made all through the summer to obtain an addition to the Emperor's Civil List.

Things have reached such a pass that he has offered to sell the castle and estate of Erdmannsdorf, in Silesia, for £90,000. Four other imperial castles are also to be put on the market, and it is hoped that, if purchasers can be found for all five lots, the present urgent difficulty will be tided over.

The reason given for the proposed addition to the Civil List is that the cost of living in Germany has greatly increased of late years. There is no doubt that His Majesty's expenses have increased, but this is very largely owing to his own extravagance, his costly journeys, and the lavish pomp maintained on all State occasions.

Then one of the Emperor's weaknesses is to be the owner of a large number of palaces, and in this direction he probably holds the record. He owns at least fifty of varying size and splendour, and this year he has spent about £100,000 on Achilleion and Hohkoenigsburg, while in Posen he is building another, estimated to cost a quarter of a million.

Royal finances seem to be in a very bad way just at present. The other day the Shah of Persia was pawning his jewels, and just a little earlier Abdul Aziz, ex-Sultan of Morocco, was frantically trying to pawn his jewels in Paris. They included several diamonds as large as hazel nuts, emeralds, rubies, and several pearl necklaces. They cost the Sultan little short of half a million, but all he could raise on them was a paltry £60,000.

King Leopold is still hampered by the debts he contracted in his young days, and it is said that it will take years to free his Majesty finally from this incubus. The most drastic economies have been brought about in the Royal palaces.

There have been reforms in our own palaces, for immense sums of money appear to have been wasted on innumerable trifles during Queen Victoria's reign.

One day, while the Queen was driving, the Royal coachman was taken ill. Her Majesty called for brandy, but there was none to be got. Eventually, they returned to the Palace, where orders were given



A Lesson in Manners from Our Pet Pessimist.

Hats Off!

uncover to "God Save the King."

What I have said, of course, applies to these young cads, and I will only add that I hope every able-bodied man will follow my example of baring the nearest young bouncer's head for him, in which case he will not improbably discover, for I desire to be

just to my countrymen, that the offender is a sausage-spluttering German.

There is a lighter side to the "hats off" question, and nothing amuses me so much as to see the average youth taking leave of some Hebe of the buffet with whom he has been discussing—well, that's their business. To begin with, he is often obviously uncertain whether to take his hat off to her or not. Usually, he compromises and makes a botch of it by raising his hat about half an inch.

My dear young ass, there is no necessity for you to take your hat off to the lady—it is not customary in these islands, and no real question of respect or sentiment is involved—but, if you are going to do it, don't do it by halves.

This is not France, where men, as a matter of habit, raise their hats on entering a shop or restaurant, and you need not follow the foolish example of a young friend of mine, who, having been to Paris per Cook's excursion for three days, insisted on his return on taking off his hat to astonished railway guards, ticket collectors, crossing-sweepers, and so on, because, so he said, he could not get out of the habit acquired in France.

Should a man take his hat off to his domestic servants when he meets them in the street? I'm blessed if I know. There is much to be said on both sides. A woman, whatever her rank, is entitled to "hats off" from an acquaintance.

On the other hand, master is still master, and Ermytrude still servant when they meet in the street, and it is not usual for the master to salute his subordinates, though he should always punctiliously return their salutes.

Seriously, however, I think that the want of respect we show in not baring our heads to the dead or the colours of regiments is a bad sign, symptomatic of unhealthy and curish ideas, and betokening nothing so much as a want of decent respect for ourselves.



Kings making Ends Meet

Some Interesting Facts about Royalties Hampered by Debt.

heavy. This drain has now been discontinued.

When the Queen was in residence at Windsor, it took no less than £500 a day "to light the kitchen fire," to use the phrase current among the Castle servants. These servants, too, were kept up in unnecessary numbers, as a single instance will show. Three "chocolate women" were kept, who had nothing else to do but prepare the one cup of chocolate a day that was served to Queen Victoria when she was called in the morning.

Another expensive item in the old Royal household was the bill for candles. No candle that had once been lighted, if only for a few minutes, was ever again used.

The financial difficulties of the Portuguese Royal House are being slowly straightened out, and since the sale of her pawned jewels and clothes, Princess Louise of Belgium has been, financially, lying low.

King Peter, of Serbia, too, is worried about money, and he can hardly ask for help from his Government, for they, in their turn, are half crazy over the debts that Alexander left behind him. One creditor alone is claiming £100,000.

The democratic spirit of Switzerland was proved when a Swiss court sentenced Princess Alexandra of Buedingen to three weeks' imprisonment, because she did not appear in bankruptcy proceedings brought against her.

Another Royal bankrupt is a nephew of Queen Emma, of the Netherlands. Prince Eberwein took the castle of Oud-Wassenaar, and furnished it in splendid style. Soon after, the agents of a London tailor seized the furniture. This bill was, with difficulty, settled, but the rent fell due, and the Prince could not pay. Bailiffs took possession, and furniture, carriages, and horses were sold up.

Other Royal bankrupts are the Archduchess Clotilde of Austria, Duke Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and his son, Duke Heinrich, the first of whom is a frisky old dame of sixty.

The Priest.

A bold, vigorous story, like none that has ever appeared in this paper.

HOW LAST WEEK'S INSTALMENT CLOSED.

It will be remembered that Straight John and Van Royat were trying to force Jim to let them organise his mission for the money they could make out of it.

Jim gains a day's respite, and the following morning attends a meeting called in the vestry of All Saints' Church to account for the disturbance he caused there.

Outside the church he sees the two churchwardens, Lord Middlesex and Mr. Winkley. Between them there is a certain amount of enmity.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN (continued).

Called to Account.

THIS Monday morning Mr. Winkley felt that he met the peer on common ground, and he did his best to subdue his natural antagonism. Both men were faced by a common danger, only the danger was slightly greater for the managing director of Winkley's Stores than for the landlord of the King's Head.

"This is a bad business," the former said, leading the way into the vestry, where the Vicar and his satellites were already gathered.

"I wasn't present myself," piped Mr. Crawley, in a shrill voice, "and I make it a rule never to listen to what I hear—Judge not that ye be not judged."

Mr. Crawley was a leading light in All Saints' Bible class. Ever since the age of forty when he had married Mrs. Crawley he had been a thoroughly good man; very possibly he was a good man before he was forty, but that was the age he had entered the parochial life of All Saints' and started to teach the young. He loved little children and they loved him, and he had carried out one at least of Christ's commandments for he had become a little child again himself.

"I was present," Winkley said with natural pride, unable to resist glancing at Lord Middlesex. "I didn't desert my church or my people when Mr. Gascoigne had the effrontery to order them out of the sacred building. I hid behind a pillar and I heard and saw all that occurred when Mr. Gascoigne succeeded in turning God's house into a den of thieves."

"Did he do that?" piped Mr. Crawley. "Dear, dear! I hope there were no children present!"

"Yes, there were children present, sir," cried Winkley fiercely, "or, rather, I should say, gutter urchins. A wretched, ragged youth was standing on my foot for two solid hours with a bundle of Sunday newspapers under his arm. There were half-dressed women in the church, too."

"Was it so late as that?" interrupted Crawley sorrowfully.

Winkley rapped his fingers on the back of a chair impatiently. "In evening dress," he explained; "disolute men in evening dress, too. The building more nearly resembled a theatre than a church."

Mr. Winkley's sister suggested to her brother that he was not telling them what had happened. Miss Winkley was a short, sharp-featured little woman, with a strong resemblance to a ferret, due, perhaps, to the numerous rabbit-warrens she had entered in her endeavour to bolt lost souls.

"It might be better for Mr. Gascoigne to tell us that himself," the Vicar suggested quietly.

"I think it would be wiser if only my churchwardens and I were present. After all, may it not be that our young priest's only offence consisted in requesting the congregation to leave in order that he might fill the church with people he thought were in greater need of spiritual help? I think that his action was due to the ignorance and—er—impetuosity of youth. We must remember that he is very young."

"And how sweet is youth," interjected Mr. Crawley benevolently. "Only we, who have lost it, fully realise—"

Miss Winkley silenced him with a look.

"With all due reverence, sir," said Mr. Winkley interrupting the Vicar, "I fail to see that Mr. Gascoigne's youth has anything to do with it. I tell you I was present last night and his attitude can only be described as blasphemous."

"And yet," Mr. Watts, the deacon, interrupted softly, "he preached a very good sermon."

"Unless something is said and done very quickly," Winkley growled, sitting down wrathfully, "you'll find Mr. Gascoigne starting a religion of his own, setting himself up to overthrow the faith of our fathers. He'll be placing himself at the head of a mob of the foulest men and women of this great city, sowing the seeds of dissension everywhere."

"Really, Mr. Winkley—"

"I know what I'm talking about," the latter continued, looking straight at Lord Middlesex, "and his lordship knows that's true. There's been a political revolution; and this upstart from the country hopes to work a religious revolution. By Jove! if you're not careful he may do it."

"Perhaps it would be a good thing," Mr. Watts suggested meekly.

Mr. Crawley shook his head. "Think of all the poor little children," he whispered.

At last the Vicar rose to his feet and begged that those present would remember where they were and under whose authority. It was very

likely they were creating a mountain out of a molehill; if the new curate of All Saints' had in any way exceeded his duty or given cause for offence, it was a matter for the bishop of his diocese to take cognisance of.

Mr. Winkley snorted, and hinted that if Mr. Gascoigne was going to be allowed to fill the church with all the criminals from the surrounding slums he would retire and take no further part in any parochial work. "At least I will not forget that I am a Christian," he said.

Samuel Winkley had no desire to find himself one day handing the collection-bag to his sweating employees from Joy Street. The boy who stood on his toes whilst Gascoigne preached, had been one of his tenants.

There was silence for a while; no one seemed inclined to take the Vicar's repeated hints and leave him alone with the churchwardens. It was just twelve o'clock when James Gascoigne walked into the vestry. He entered with a firm step, but his brow was clouded. Watts rose and offered him his hand and a seat, but he remained standing.

"I understand that you want an explanation," he said quietly before either the Vicar or his churchwardens had time to speak. "You want to know why I emptied the church of churchmen and filled it with the people from the streets and gutters. I did it because when Christ was here He fed the hungry and sent those who were filled with good things empty away. I did it because I'm a minister of God, and God bade His ministers preach the gospel of love, save sinners, and carry on His Son's work. And I want to try and do what Christ did—be the friend of sinners."

"And little children," Mr. Crawley suggested under his breath.

Gascoigne looked at him and smiled: "Yes, and little children. Little children and big sinners—what a grand time we shall have!"

He waited for someone to speak, but no one had anything to say, until the Vicar came to the rescue and reminded Gascoigne that his Church had been ministering to the wants of the sick and poor long before he had taken up his curacy there. Then, suggesting that Gascoigne returned to his house for a private talk, he rose, and the meeting dissolved, much to the disgust of Mr. Samuel Winkley, his sister, and the other Christian men and women.

For two hours the good Vicar vainly tried to persuade Gascoigne of the error of his ways, but Gascoigne refused to be persuaded. He was willing to do anything he was asked except hand what the Vicar called his converts over to the tender mercy of guilds, societies, and other ancient pieces of machinery which are supposed to mix the good and evil tendencies of human beings together, eventually turning them out into a sort of moral sausage.

"I made a promise last night," he said, "and I must keep it. I don't want only to convert people, I want to make them happy, and I feel there's only one way of doing it, and that's Christ's way. Of course, if I offend the Church, the Church must cast me out—I'm ready to face that and I'm not going to back out of what I said. For I've discovered what everyone in London is hungering for—sympathy and love."

"But that's not religion," the Vicar said sadly.

"It's Christ's religion," the priest replied. "It's a seed that I'm going to sow in the foulest places of the foulest parts of London. They say that well-manured soil produces the best flowers, and that from dung heaps spring the sweetest roses; we've got the soil in London for roses—and I'm going to cultivate them. If the Church will not have me and will not help me, there are those who will—people with power and influence."

For the Tempter had not tempted Gascoigne in vain!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN.

A Bargain.

POPPY sat with her toes on the edge of the rough copper fender trying to imagine that a fire was blazing in the open hearth. A green box, half full of cigarettes, stood on the mantelshelf within easy reach: every now and then she looked longingly at them; once she stretched out her hand and put one between her lips.

But instead of lighting it she laid it down with a sigh of resignation.

It was one of those cheerless summer days that London often springs upon her inhabitants, as a warning perhaps against any over-indulgence in sunshine. A cold wind blew lightly through the streets, and a fine, thin rain fell noiselessly through the smoky atmosphere; the roads were an inch deep in a substance known as London mud, combined with petroleum, and the people who walked, the people who drove, and the vehicles in which they sat, were all well saturated with this unpleasant mixture.

The houses and shops, too, were spattered with dirt seven feet high; and the horses were only recognisable above their withers.

It had started to rain at nine in the morning, before Poppy had finished her bath. The hour was now five, and it showed no signs of abating. Poppy had sighed, yawned, and dreamed the day away, hoping, sometimes even praying, after the manner of her kind, that James Gascoigne would call on her.

She hoped and prayed, but knew that it was next to impossible. Even if he remembered her address, which, of course, being a man as well as a priest, he would have forgotten, she knew he would be far too busy.

She knew that he would not come, and so she took a certain strange pleasure in sitting before an empty fireplace waiting for him, tempting herself mildly with a box of cigarettes and a light novel.

"What a fool I am!" she said aloud. And no one contradicted her.

Rising, she walked to the window and looked down into the streets, and shivered; the outlook might have made a saint wonder how long he could remain on his pedestal under existing conditions.

Poppy inhaled her cigarette, feeling she had resisted three distinct temptations for six hours: the temptation to smoke—which would not have been one if she had not thought of the priest and made it so; to spend the afternoon at Ethel's and waste her money in frills and fripperies; and the temptation to get into the train at Charing Cross with the first pleasant person she could find, and go far away from the city of mud and misery.

It was only about five days since Chance had led her into a Piccadilly church and introduced her for the second time to Gascoigne, who had made the awkward discovery that she possessed a soul. True, for two days following the event she had nursed and cherished her soul like a new-born infant, and it had given her as little rest. It refused to allow her to sleep at night, or to amuse herself by day.

She took a pilgrimage with it to the church, not once, but several times; she even sat through a portion of an afternoon service, but he was not there, and so she passed hurriedly into the street where he had his lodgings, longing to stop at the door and ask for him, but prevented by feelings of shame and fear.

And now on the fourth day the spiritual infant had craved respite. It lay quite quiet, curled somewhere beneath her breast where her heart should have been.

It was going to sleep: it was going to die.

She knew that for certain. It was dying of starvation, for no one had ever told her that souls should be fed. If only James Gascoigne would come in time! She wanted to be good; she wanted, perhaps even more, to be happy, and, above all, she wanted the assurance, which she had found in his sermon, that death was not a full-stop. Her landlady brought afternoon tea, and she made a pretence of finding solace in it. She ate a lot of little cakes, expecting to feel consoled, but she only felt bilious.

The room began to grow dark, and Poppy to grow frightened—of what, she had not the faintest idea. We all of us grow afraid sometimes, without being able to lay our finger on the cause, and that is perhaps the worst kind of fear.

She rose and switched on the electric light, and, ringing the bell, ordered the fire to be lit. It is strange how friendly a fire seems when we consider this unfriendly part it is going to play in another world. The fire crackled, Poppy warmed her toes and admired her stockings, but her soul grew colder and colder, and she told herself frequently that she was a fool.

Then she lost her temper, and said that James Gascoigne had lied, and all the things he had said were untrue; that religion had no consolation—that God, if there were a God, did not care a snap of His fingers for her, and there was no happiness anywhere save the happiness that men and women manufactured for themselves.

The clock struck seven; she threw the end of her cigarette into the fire, and after an inward struggle rose and walked into her bedroom. She adjusted the big mirror at the right angle, then looked at her reflection for a long time. Her reflection gave her several new thoughts and asked her many pertinent questions.

"I wonder what he thought of me?" was the first. "He never said! I wonder if he thought I was changed, if it struck him as strange that I don't dye or paint? I suppose in Cornwall all women have good complexions and wonderful hair . . . there was one there whom he loved—perhaps . . ."

Her meditations were interrupted by the announcement of a visitor—Mr. Van Royat; he was accompanied by Straight John, and Poppy welcomed them gladly, though at any other time she would scarcely have been pleased at a visit from Van Royat. She had never liked the man, though he had often proved himself useful to her; kind, too, in his peculiarly selfish way.

She offered them tea. Van Royat suggested a whisky-and-soda; Straight John refused both and asked permission to smoke, and whilst he lighted his pipe he looked with disapproval at Poppy's cigarette.

"We come on business in a manner of speakin'," he announced bluffly. "Mr. Van Royat had better explain, 'cause I'm a blunt man, of few words, and I mightn't put things as pleasant-like as what he would."

Poppy smiled, and said any relative of Jim Gascoigne's could not fail to be pleasant. But the old man chuckled sourly under his breath, and nodded to Van Royat to speak.

First of all he chose and lit a cigar, and, when he had lit well under way, leant back in his chair, and, stroking his moustache, looked at Poppy with a cynical smile.

"It's about Jim, Mr. John Gascoigne's nephew, that we want to speak. You remember the conversation we had in his rooms the other night?"

Poppy nodded. "I haven't seen him since then."

Straight John grunted as if he did not believe her. "We were trying to persuade Jim Gascoigne to let us help him in his work," Van Royat continued, "but he's an eccentric fellow, bit of a genius probably, and, like all

geniuses, incapable of taking care of himself or managing his affairs properly."

Poppy laughed softly and threw away her cigarette. "You are not going to ask me to manage them for him?" "Ain't you done so already?" Straight John growled. "What do you mean?" she replied quickly. "I never met him until the other night."

"Didn't 'ee meet him in Manchester more'n two years ago?" Straight John drew his chair a little closer to Poppy's and looked searchingly at her under his heavy brows.

Poppy shrugged her shoulders, though her face changed colour. "Oh, yes, half a dozen words in a railway carriage passed between us, and afterwards he piloted me through the crowded streets, and then I lost sight of him!"

"He saw enough of 'ee to fall in love," Straight John continued, keeping his eyes fixed on Poppy. "Yes, he did"—as she laughed in his face—"and that's, to my mind, what helped to send him crazed. There was a girl he was goin' to marry down at Roscastle, where I comes from, but he left her and he left me, and he comes up to this 'ere city, and when I finds him, it's with you."

"A peculiar coincidence," Poppy ejaculated scornfully. Van Royat rose and stood with his back to the fire. "Never mind the past," he said, looking at Straight John; "it's about the future we want to talk."

"If Jim had behaved properly in the past there wouldn't have been no cause to worry about the future," the old man growled. "But this is what it's come to; my nephew's got to go our way of thinkin' and put himself and his religious ideas and theories in our hands. He's got the chance of a lifetime, but he's afraid to take it, and we can't persuade him. Now, Miss Marshall, you can!"

Poppy half rose from her seat, then dropped into it again, turning her face away. "I?" she whispered. "Why—how can I persuade him? I—I hardly know him!"

There was a pause: Van Royat continued to smoke, whilst Straight John fidgeted uncomfortably in his chair. "You're a woman, you see," the latter said jerkily; "you can influence him perhaps in a way we couldn't. You was mightily affected by his sermon—and, of course, I respects 'ee for that—and it was easy to see he was flattered by your feelin' so deeply. Now, couldn't 'ee persuade him to place himself entirely in our hands? He's fallen foul of his vicar and the churchwardens—they won't let him work as he wants to work—and the bishop's down on him already."

"He's too much in earnest," Van Royat interrupted; "he's a man who must have a free hand. The Church won't push him forward—why should it? And he won't push himself; but we can."

Both men were looking at Poppy: she bent her head until her face was hidden, and, leaning her elbows on her knees, stared into the fire. "What can I do? Why should he listen to me?"

"You are one of his first converts," Van Royat said drily—"a most remarkable convert, too!—that's why he'll listen to you. He's in earnest, you know—"

"So am I," Poppy said sharply, looking up. "I want to be—if you people would only let me. I want to be good—"

"All the better," Van Royat puffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling. "If you want to give Jim Gascoigne an opportunity of realising his ambition, we'll give you a chance of helping him if you like; and, since you're so anxious to be good, an opportunity of being good."

"How? What do you want me to do?" Poppy could no longer sit still; she rose to her feet and commenced to walk up and down the room. Van Royat watched her with a cynical smile, whilst Straight John frowned gloomily.

"See Jim Gascoigne: see him to-night and tell him he must accept our offer!" It was Straight John who spoke, but Van Royat took up the argument.

"You know what the big cities are like in England, and you know the people, too; you know all that is to be known, so you can speak with authority both on the kind of priest that the poor people want and the vicious people want. You know now that the Church doesn't get at the right sort of sinners, don't you?—and that the Church has not got the right sort of men. Gascoigne is the right sort of man."

"Yes, he is!"

"Well, now he's made a sensation, he must break away from the Church, or it will knock all his enthusiasm out of him and stop his mouth with dogma and all that sort of thing. He's got to be free, free to preach the lesson he preached the other night, free to preach in the Albert Hall and the King's Arms; free to travel from one end of England to the other, from one end of the world to the other. But he won't see it; he's afraid, he isn't ambitious enough for himself—and, mark you, he's got to help himself before he can help the world."

"That's it," Straight John muttered under his breath. "He's got to do it, Miss Marshall; he's got to, 'cause, if he don't, I'll ruin him!"

Poppy turned quickly with a startled cry and bent towards Straight John. "You—why should you ruin him?"

Straight John slowly nodded his head. "Cause he's doing his best to ruin me. He's keepin' back money that's mine by rights—mine and my little girl's that I adopted, and whom he promised to marry. If he does as we wish I'll let bygones be bygones, and he may use the money for his work, and I'll only ask for my fair share."

"Never mind about that now," Van Royat said hastily. "But you know what to say to Gascoigne, Poppy? Will you see him to-night and talk to him? Tell him it's not only you he can save, but hundreds of others like you: tell him there are hundreds of thousands of people in this city alone waiting for a man such as he to set alight the fires of religion in their breasts, and all that sort of thing. Remember, it's true, though I don't pretend to be a religious man, and don't know how to put it."

Poppy stood before the window and looked down into

the street. The rain was still falling steadily, splashing into the puddles in the roadway, dropping from the trees that lined the path, and running viciously through the gutters. The world from the window looked very damp and cold and cheerless: and her heart felt cold and damp and cheerless, too.

The remark that Van Royat had so lightly made was true—there were hundreds of women in the streets such as she waiting and searching for such a man as Gascoigne who would offer them Bread instead of a Stone, give them Love instead of Hate; who would, in short, serve them and save them, and give them something more than Religion.

There were thousands of others, less fortunate than they, whose stomachs were starving as well as their brains, creatures doomed to perdition from the moment of their birth. No chance of salvation for them, for they were the Unknown—worse, they were the Unspeakable; but there was a chance for them with such a man as Gascoigne—if he were free to speak, to fight in his own way, and awake the conscience of the world!

Strange thoughts for Poppy Marshall, but they fell with the silent rain from the grey clouds floating above the noisy city. They winged their way from the blackened heavens like little unseen ghosts; fluttered beneath her heart like unborn children. Jim Gascoigne . . . it was strange how Fate had thrown them together—twice. She could not escape from him if she would.

"Well, haven't you made up your mind yet?" It was Straight John who spoke, but Poppy scarcely heard him. Dreams were carrying her away.

What if she could fight with Gascoigne, and save men instead of destroying them?

She turned and looked at Van Royat. "Why are you so interested? What do you expect to get out of this—this boom in religion, as you call it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No more, not so much, as I would get out of any other boom. Didn't you mean to ask how much you'd get out of it, Poppy?"

She laughed scornfully. "No, I didn't! And if I persuade Mr. Gascoigne to place himself and his work in the hands of you and your friends, I shall leave it to him to do with me as he thinks fit, and you won't dare interfere between us."

"That's a bargain!"

"Very well. I will go down—at once. Where shall I find him?"

"In his rooms," Van Royat reminded her of the address.

She looked at Straight John. "And supposing I fail, supposing he persuades me his work is best done through the Church, what then?"

Straight John rose and laid one of his great hands on Poppy's shoulder. "There is a secret, which my nephew and I share between us: he did something more'n two years ago which if it were known would ruin him—and it wouldn't hurt me. He cheated a dead man, and now he's trying to cheat the livin'. I'm willing to keep his secret if he does as Mr. Van Royat suggests and his money is used—as Mr. Van Royat sees fit. That's all."

Poppy slowly nodded. "I think I understand! He must do as Mr. Van Royat wishes, or you'll ruin him?"

Straight John grunted. "That's about it."

As soon as they had gone Poppy dressed, paying great attention to her toilet; then, calling a cab, she drove down to Jim Gascoigne's rooms. He was at home.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN. Persuaded by Ginger-Pop.

WHEN the landlady announced Poppy Marshall, Beppo, the dog, greeted her gladly, but Gascoigne, after shaking hands with her and pushing forward a chair, stood with his back to the mantelpiece, waiting for her to speak.

As a rule Poppy possessed a good flow of conversation, but she had come to see Gascoigne on a mission not altogether her own, and she found herself at a loss how to broach the subject.

Gascoigne had changed since the Sunday evening on which he had metaphorically given the devil a black eye. He looked pale and careworn; his eyes no longer shone with the fierce lights of an enthusiasm and faith, which Poppy had seen when he preached in the church.

The fires were still there, but they slumbered, partially hidden by clouds of doubt and mistrust. Her woman's instinct, however, told her that it only needed a breath of wind to set the fires of his soul blazing in his eyes again: and they would blaze all the more fiercely in so much that now they slumbered.

Partially veiling her eyes with her long lashes, Poppy looked at him, trying to pierce the outer shell and find the real man—man known only to himself and his Creator, and occasionally to woman.

And again she was conscious how much more of a man than priest he looked, for Poppy possessed the conventional idea regarding clergymen, as far as their outward and visible appearance was concerned.

Clergymen, soldiers, and physicians are, as a rule, labelled and hall-marked, so that those who neither kill men, succour the sick, nor praise God may the more easily recognise the men whom they pay to do these necessary offices.

And unconsciously we have come to regard the Soldier as a pictorial pleasant, the Physician as an unpleasant necessity, and the Priest as a wise insurance.

Poppy felt her heart beating at an unusual rate. There was more of the physician, or the soldier, in Gascoigne—outwardly, at any rate. Physically he was so strong, and, though now he looked tired and careworn, Poppy had on two different occasions seen the joy of love and life in his face.

Indeed, he still looked the man of the storm rather than the man of the Church: a fighter rather than a mediator, a father rather than a priest.

And Poppy, looking at him, wished he were her man: hers alone and for all time. For, as yet unconsciously, her

labouring heart had brought forth Love. The seed had fallen very late on soil that had waited too long for the sower, and there was little promise for her that love would bring forth the flowers of eternal joy.

"Well," she said at last, unable, woman-like, to tolerate silence, "have you nothing to say to me?"

Gascoigne shook his head. "I thought you had something to say to me probably."

She had, but Nature has taught her sex to work subtly, by devious and intricate methods. "I came to see how you were getting on, to find out how your work was progressing."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's not progressing; it's standing still. I think I'm a failure, Ginger-Pop."

She smiled at the old, once familiar name, and her cheeks coloured for an instant. She would have felt ashamed had Van Royat used it, but she was glad Gascoigne remembered. "Failure—why, there isn't such a thing!" she replied quickly.

"Can you say that?"

Shame drew the colour to her face: she felt Gascoigne was reproaching her. "Failure is impossible for you." She hesitated a moment; then, rising, crossed to his side and laid a gloved hand on his shoulder.

A sweet and subtle perfume surrounded her: Gascoigne moved uneasily, then he allowed his eyes to rest on hers, while a smile parted his lips.

"What do you know about me, Ginger-Pop, or my dreams and ideals? Oh, you have had yours, I know! Your ideal was a happy home away in the North, a husband and children—something like that, wasn't it? It was never realised; it never will be now."

She bowed her head and kept her hand on his shoulder. It was good to feel his strength, mere physical strength; it was good to hold fast to him—the one man she knew who asked nothing of her, yet had been willing to give—sympathy and courage.

And, strangely enough, she felt courageous when she was with him, felt capable of good deeds, even of sacrifice.

"And what were your ideals before ever we met?"

Gascoigne laughed. "Why do you ask? I always dreamed of fighting. It was always my ambition to be a soldier: vaguely, I suppose, that is every man's ambition before he grows up and gets the curse of gold upon him."

"One can't even fight without money, can one?" she whispered.

He pushed her away, and, turning, leaned his elbows on the mantelpiece. "You, too! Of course, you'd say that. Yes, and it's true. It was realisation of that which tempted me—" He broke off suddenly and laughed.

"Aren't we wasting time? You didn't come here to talk about my dreams and ideals."

She sat down in the armchair again, and, crossing her legs, leaned back and commenced to play with a ribbon on her dress.

"That's just what I did come to talk about."

Gascoigne turned to stare at Poppy, the slumbering light in his eyes growing brighter. "You—why should you care what I do or what I think?"

"You have made me care," she replied simply.

"Why, when first I met you in the train near Manchester, you spoke to me as no man had ever spoken before, and you treated me differently, too. You treated me the way women like to be treated by men—but never are treated. Of course, you didn't know it; men are always so jolly blind. I was just on the brink of doing something foolish and wicked then, but meeting you stopped me."

She smiled. "Funny, isn't it? But, unfortunately, I didn't see you again, and—well, here I am. I've been foolish and I've been wicked since then. And Sunday night I thought you were going to save me."

Gascoigne took a step towards her and leant over her chair. "Don't you think so now?"

She took a long breath, then slowly raised her eyes to his. For a moment her mission was forgotten, also Gascoigne's ideals. Her womanly instincts of self-preservation conquered all other feelings.

He could save her! She knew that, suddenly but surely. Beauty was still hers, and the power of fascination. They were both young, and he was very ignorant of women and their world, in spite of, or perhaps because of, his enthusiasm and love of the world. If she chose, she could awaken love and passion in his heart, and she could make him hers irrevocably. Her husband, and she his wife—then indeed she would be safe!

But the cost?

Looking into his eyes, burning now, but with other fires than those of religious fervour, she knew that he was not for one woman, but for the world of men and women. She remembered, too, something Straight John had told her, and for the first time in her life she felt the sting of jealousy.

"You haven't seemed to care what happened to me during the last few days," she said.

"I have cared," he replied quickly; "it is of you, and all the people who heard me on Sunday, that I have been thinking." He drew back. "But it seems so hopeless, Poppy. The Church won't let me fight the way I want to fight; it doesn't seem to understand that people want more than good words and good deeds. The world wants Love and Happiness, the *alpha* and *omega* of Christ's mission on earth—for only through Love and Happiness can the world be saved."

Poppy broke into a shrill peal of laughter, and, walking to the window, flung it open and leaned out. "Love and Happiness," Gascoigne heard her echo scornfully. "Oh, you are a dreamer!"

"Yes, that's what they told me, the people who run the church, my church in Piccadilly—a dreamer with good intentions!"

Poppy turned quickly, her face lit by the enthusiasm of inspiration. "Then prove that they are wrong: make your dreams come true!"

(Another instalment next week.)

"THERE are a couple of awful bores at my club," "Really! Who is the other one?"

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

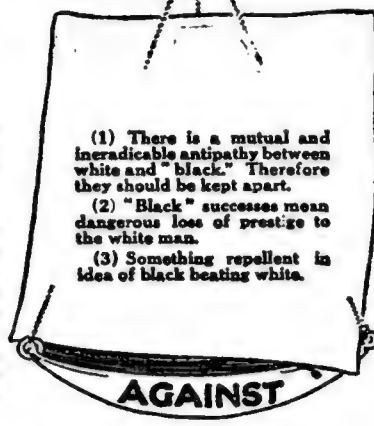
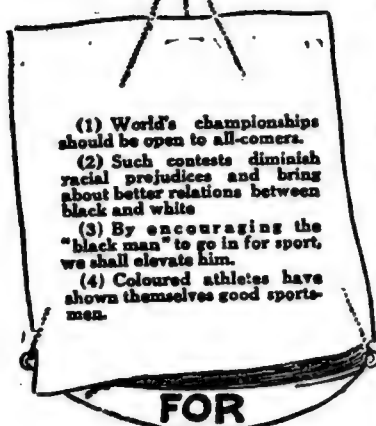
WHITE MAN v. BLACK MAN

Should Such Athletic Contests be Allowed?

As all the world knows, Tommy Burns, the French-Canadian pugilist, lately lost the Heavy Weight Boxing Championship of the World to the American negro, Jack Johnson, and was terribly punished in the course of the battle.

Should such White Man versus Black Man contests be allowed? That, or rather the larger question, Should men of colour be allowed to compete in any branch of sport or athletics against white men? is the subject we have taken for this week's discussion.

Look in the left-hand scale for the arguments in favour of, in the right-hand scale for the arguments against, White Man versus Black Man Contests.



COMMENTS ON THE ARGUMENTS FOR AND AGAINST.

It is claimed, in the first place, that a world's championship is not a world's championship unless it is open to all-comers.

It is difficult to find anything to urge against this view. Sportsmanship seems to demand that we should "bar" nobody from any contest, victory in which carries with it the title of "Champion—of the world."

In fact, the real point here is whether the arguments against permitting men of colour to compete with whites outweigh what is, on the face of it, a just claim.

In theory, at all events, athletic contests should be open to everybody.

The next argument is that in admitting the "black man" to our athletic companionships we shall diminish racial prejudices, and bring about a better understanding between the coloured and white races of the world.

This, again, is a very strong point. There is no brotherhood like the brotherhood of sport.

It is true, on the other hand, that international contests, which are also inter-racial, have sometimes aroused bitter feelings, as, for example, the wrath of the Americans over certain incidents in the Olympic Games.

The next point is that, by encouraging the black man to go in for sport, we shall elevate him. Provided the sport is clean, healthy, and properly conducted, there seems no good reason to deny this.

Niggers Play the Game.

Clean sport undoubtedly has a good influence on character. It may be argued, on the other hand, that a lot of sport is not clean, and that, as the black man has not, as a rule, the sporting instincts of the white, he will only go in for shady sport, and thus, instead of being elevated, he will be still further degraded in character.

In considering this argument, we can take the next point, namely, the good behaviour of such coloured athletes and sportsmen the world has seen.

This is a strong point in favour of the coloured athlete. I may, of course, be wrong, but I do not think there has been any instance of a "black man" "not playing the game" when pitted against whites. On the other hand, some "black men" have gained the highest of reputations as good sportsmen, and, paradoxical though it may sound, as "white men" all through.

This is particularly true of the boxing world. There never was a more popular, or more generally respected "pug" than Peter Jackson, while the newest champion, Jack Johnson, made a very favourable impression when over here.

Then, Maori footballers, West Indian, and Parsee cricketers, Red Indian runners, I have never heard anything serious said against their good sportsmanship. Now the other side:

It is said, in the first place, that there is a natural and incredible antipathy between white and black, and that this mutual dislike is only heightened by their being brought together in athletic contest.

No doubt, some readers will say that this antipathy does not exist. I think, however, that the balance of opinion, especially among those who have had much to do with the "black man," is that the antipathy is strong and mutual.

It is a difficult point to argue, as it is not easy to make those who have never met a black man understand the objection to him of those who have.

But here is an important fact: It is well known that the black man has a disagreeable odour to white nostrils. It is not so well known, however, that the white man is just as malodorous to the black.

Nature, therefore, appears to support the mutual

antipathy idea, and, if it does exist, then certainly it seems that black and white should be kept as far apart as possible. Athletic rivalry is more likely to increase than to lessen their mutual dislike of one another—at least, so it is claimed.

The next point is a very serious one. It is said that black victories over white men mean a dangerous loss of prestige to the white man.

Probably, they do involve loss of prestige, but the real point is, is it a dangerous loss?

Well, undoubtedly the white rules the black man mainly by prestige.

In black men's countries the white is tremendously outnumbered, and it is only his insistence upon his superiority that keeps him "top dog."

Whether he has the right to claim that superiority is beside the mark—he does assert it, and for centuries the black man has been taught to regard the white as his physical, mental, and moral superior.

It is all very well for us in England—we are in no danger of a black uprising. But there are white men—and white women and children—scattered all over the world, whose lives depend on the white man's prestige.

Black triumphs over white, it is claimed, cannot but lower that prestige, and certainly it is not easy to see how this can be otherwise.

Why did we refuse to employ that very superior type of "black man"—the Sikh—in the Boer war? Because it was felt it would be fatally against the interests of the white races of the world to allow "black men" to fight and triumph against whites, our enemies though these whites were.

Surely, it is claimed, the same argument applies to allowing a black man in any circumstances to pit himself against a white.

Many eminent men, although bitterly opposed to Russian policy, viewed the Japanese triumphs over Russia with the greatest apprehension, as likely seriously to damage the white man's power. And it is a fact that the Japanese victories led to great excitement and unrest throughout the coloured population of the world.

The Black has Everything to Gain.

Between a war and a boxing match between white and colour there is a big difference. But, still, the principle involved is the same.

It may be said that black successes are rare. But it is just their rarity that makes them so dangerous, for they are so talked about among blacks.

On the prestige question, it may be argued that, if we refuse to meet "black men" in fair and open contest, they may taunt us with being afraid to do so.

Finally, it is said that the idea of a black man pounding a white man into pulp is abhorrent to civilised feeling. This is, of course, a specific instance—the Burns v. Johnson encounter.

It is also claimed, however, that there is something repellent to our feelings in the idea of a white having to give "beat" to a black at anything, and that, therefore, white v. black contests should not be allowed.

This is really part of the "mutual antipathy" idea. Probably, there is this feeling in the majority of us, and it deserves consideration.

The case against mixed contests, however, rests mainly on the risk of a dangerous loss of prestige to the white man when he loses.

It may be said, with some force, that in such contests the black man has everything to gain, nothing to lose, the white, on the other hand, has little to gain—a white gets little credit for beating a black—and not only he, but the whole of his race, have a great deal to lose.

CONCLUSION:

The reader is invited to form his own.

A NEW SERIES.

HOME TRUTHS.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN WEEPS.

WHEN lovely woman weeps there is nothing more to be said.

Tears are the natural weapon of a wife. They will bring a man to his right mind sooner than anything. However fierce the fight, however stubborn the man's defence, nothing can resist the salt flood when, finally, lovely woman unlocks the gates of her eyes.

The finest argument, the sanest logic, might, right—one and all defences are drowned in the flow of tears.

Every woman knows the power of tears. Some women are careful to resort to this weapon only in a dire emergency; some remain cry-babies all their lives, and some carry the practice of crying so far as to cry, now and again, for nothing. The uncalled-for tears serve the purpose of making the brute realise very thoroughly what a brute he is.

Every man knows that, when a woman cries, all is up. Every man knows that the kisses of repentance alone will dam a flood of tears.

Yet so little does human nature change that this game of tears-and-kisses has endured ever since the Garden of Eden until to-day.

At this very moment, a thousand little wives are crying; a thousand brutes are on their knees, giving in and kissing, and now, in this new moment, a thousand wives have won a thousand victories.

It stands to reason that tears involve waste—waste of energy, of vital tissue, of nerve-power, and of salt-and-water. True, they may produce kisses and loving, repentant husbands; this end, however, might be achieved by other less wasteful means.

Fewer tears would mean happier homes.

This suggestion, however, is not so much as to say: "Ladies, pray, don't cry." Rather is it to say: "Men, pray, consider whether you could not cease continually to drive your wives to the point of tears."

It will be a new idea to many husbands that it is a good plan to nip domestic tiffs in the bud.

The truly wise husband is he who gives in to his wife at the beginning, not at the end, of a discussion. Since a victory to the wife is fore-ordained, a vast amount of vital tissue is to be conserved by following this simple plan.

Clouds of dissension should be allowed to grow no bigger than a man's hand on the far horizon. At all costs, the threatening little cloud should be blown away before it can burst in a tear-storm. Even if a man has to eat his words within three seconds of uttering them—the sacrifice is worth while.

For, though tears may secure peace and a new happiness, yet, like dripping water from a roof, they are powerful to wear away the foundations of a house.

WHAT HUNGER STRIKES ARE.

THE news cabled recently from St. Petersburg, that a hunger strike has broken out amongst the political prisoners confined in the terrible Schlusselburg Fortress, serves to call attention to what is, perhaps, the most remarkable social manifestation of this or any other age.

Of hunger strikers in this country we know nothing.

Imagine, if you can, a harsh prison governor, at, say, Portland, given to inflicting upon the convicts merciless floggings and tortures unmentionable entirely on his own responsibility. Then imagine the sufferers collectively abstaining from all food as a protest, even to the point of starving themselves to death.

That is the hunger strike, as it is practised in Russia to-day amongst those prisoners who are known as "politicals" or "intellectuals."

Usually, it achieves its object. Not infrequently, too, the prison governor against whom it is directed loses his life as a consequence, being assassinated by friends of the strikers outside.

After this fashion died General Mezentzeff, whose "execution" was undertaken by a young artillery officer, Kravtchinsky, who afterwards resided many years in England, and became known in the political and literary world of London under the name of Sergius Stepniak.

Not infrequently the hunger strikers are women. Indeed, it was they who originated the idea, the very first hunger strike on record being undertaken by the women convicts confined in the Kara political prison, as a protest against the flogging to death of one of their number, Madam Sigida.

For sixteen days none of them tasted food. They were then at the point of death, and the governor, at his wits' end, was compelled to resign, as, obviously, it would not have done for him to have allowed scores of women, some of whom had belonged to the highest families in Russia, to perish of inanition before his eyes.

TRY IT.

IF YOU SEE IT IN "P.W." IT'S SO.

SERIAL STORY.



MYMMS THE DREAMER

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GO WRONG.

By W. HOLT WHITE.

CHAPTER NINETEEN (continued). A Question of Diplomacy.

MARSDEN lost no time by dallying in New York. He went straight through to Washington and immediately called on the British Ambassador. His Excellency gave him a note which secured the passage of his cab through the gates of White House, and so we come to the moment at which Mymms looked out of the window and observed Marsden's neat bowler hat vanishing under the President's porch.

So swiftly and so suddenly had Marsden descended on Washington that when the note from the British Ambassador was brought to him, the President was taken aback. But he was not the man to boggle at difficulties or possible dangers.

The note had been brought up to him as he stood in his dressing-room, with his coat off, washing his hands in a tin basin.

"All right," he said to the messenger. "I'll see him at once."

As he went downstairs, pulling his frock coat into position about his redundant figure, the President, in his no-ahead method of thinking, hit on a plan for taking Marsden by surprise.

With his hands still reeking of highly scented soap, he bustled into the room in which Marsden was waiting. He had never set eyes before on Marsden, though he knew his reputation well enough. It was unfortunate for the President that he did not know it better.

"Welcome to White House, Lord Marsden," he cried. "Welcome to White House. I suppose you have come to ask about Mr. Mymms?"

Marsden was subtle as a serpent, and now brought the subtleness of his mind to ensnare the blunt bluntness of the President.

"No," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, "I cannot say that Mr. Mymms is my immediate concern. I have come from the Foreign Minister of England to ask what has become of his niece, Lady Cecilia Skeffington."

"Lady Cecilia Skeffington!" The President stared at Marsden in blank amazement. "Lady Cecilia Skeffington. What has she to do with Mymms or me?"

Marsden searched the President's face.

"Much," he said, "if not everything."

"I am afraid I don't understand," said the President stiffly. And Marsden saw that he spoke the truth.

"Of course," said Marsden suavely, "you know that Mymms was first inveigled to Germany, and then removed from Germany by the instrumentality of Mr. Murphy, the London correspondent of the New York FLARE."

The President smote his mighty thigh with a mighty hand.

"You don't say so?" he shouted. "This is extraordinary—most extraordinary."

"It was arranged in London," Marsden continued, "by a person who I am given to understand is in the employ of the United States Government, and who rejoices in the name of Potomac, that when Mymms had been recovered from Germany, Mymms should be regarded as the joint property of England and America."

"Never heard a word of it!" cried the President.

"None the less," said Marsden, "it is an actual fact."

"The Embassy in London," declared the President, "has been very remiss. This is the first I have heard of this remarkable story. Why, the thing is almost inconceivable. Potomac had no authority to take a step of this sort."

"That is quite possible," answered Marsden. "But occasionally quite insignificant people assume to themselves authority which they do not possess. In this respect I was on a par with Potomac. He made the agreement with me, and I am one of the least of England's servants."

The President, alert and keen, glared with curiosity at Marsden through his formidable pince-nez.

"Potomac," continued Marsden, "was probably in the same unfortunate position as myself. I mean, to put the matter plainly, he had a chief in London who was a fool. We settled this business between us, and, for the sake of mutual convenience, got Mr. Higgins, of the New York FLARE to lend his yacht, the Universe."

"Good God!" shouted the President. "I see it all as clear as daylight now. It was from the FLARE that we got Mymms after he had foretold the disaster of Brooklyn Bridge. I might have guessed that Higgins was at the bottom of it. But where is the Universe?"

"That's what I've come to ask you," said Marsden.

"Who can tell us?"

"Murphy, I fancy," said Marsden.

"We will find him, we will find him at once." The President rang a bell sharply, and when a servant appeared told him to summon Mr. Hayden immediately.

Mr. John P. Hayden came in with the habitual calm

of the man who is never upset or perplexed. He raised his almost hairless eyebrows at the President in interrogation.

The President flooded him with explanatory words.

"Mind you," the Ruler of the United States continued, "there has got to be no nonsense about this business. You and Lord Marsden will go back to New York at once. You know how you induced Kennedy to give up Mymms? Well, you may use any means you wish, to discover the whereabouts of the Universe. This detention of Lady Cecilia is an outrage which cannot be tolerated for a moment. See to it that this monstrous piece of business is put a stop to."

The President had worked himself into a perfect passion of righteous indignation.

Marsden hid a smile of amusement with his hand as he delicately stroked his moustache into its proper position.

Mr. John P. Hayden was polite and grave as he arranged for Marsden's return to New York. These two quiet young men dined quietly together in the restaurant-car of the lurching express. They said little, but none the less they understood each other well enough to appreciate each other's manner.

"Pardon me," said Hayden at last, as he made a deferential little bow across the table; "but may I ask whether this chase of ours is entirely a matter of politics?"

"I know nothing of politics," said Marsden; "but this little expedition of ours is certainly only a question of diplomacy."

"I see," said Hayden politely. He saw that Marsden lied, and deftly turned the conversation into another channel.

CHAPTER TWENTY. Mymms Makes a Stand.

WHEN Marsden had gone the President was the most harassed and perplexed of men. For the first time in many years he sent out a curt message to the effect that he did not propose to take dinner with his family. The family was thunderstruck, but sufficiently well-disciplined not to ask questions. They ate in comparative silence.

"I wonder," asked the President's youngest son, with his mouth full of melon, "where dad is?"

His mother frowned at the President's youngest son as if he had committed sacrilege.

Dad, as a matter of fact, was in the garden, raging furiously up and down, chewing the stem of his corn-cob pipe into shreds between his strong, white teeth.

The gravel walk up and down which the President raged was not a particularly long one, but the President managed to put in a good many miles' walk before he was sufficiently calm to realise that he had ruined an excellent pipe.

(Continued on next page.)



"Why don't they use Lux?"

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Chill which Brought on Rheumatism, Chronic Biliousness, & Liver Disorder.

"Solely as the result of a chill, while driving my baker's van in the showery weather, I was doomed to four years' terrible illness," said Mr. Oxby, of 221 Quarry Road, Bulwell, to a Nottingham reporter. "I awoke with a bitter taste in the mouth and severe headache, which spoiled the morning for me; biliousness and heaviness were about me all day afterwards. A few days of this brought on a most serious condition, ultimately developing rheumatism and chronic liver disorder. All through that time I kept growing worse, in spite of doctoring. The pains in my joints and back increasing, biliousness and sickness became more constant and severe, and I was reduced to so weak a state that I had to give up work altogether. My doctor did what he could for me for six weeks I was at home, but the bilious bouts returned and threw me all back again. During one of these attacks I commenced taking Chas. Forde's Bile Beans. They completely cured me in a way that makes me believe that if I had taken Chas. Forde's Bile Beans when I was first ill, they would have saved me all the four years' suffering."

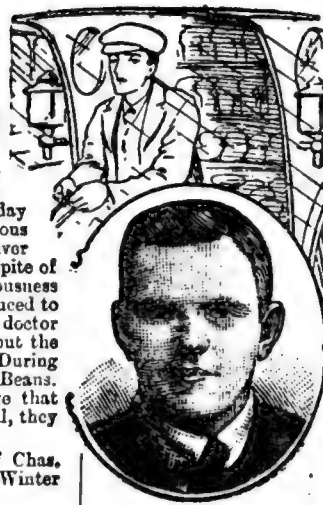
Take warning by Mr. Oxby's Case. A timely course of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans commenced the moment you find the Winter weather affecting you may save you untold pain.

EX - POLICEMAN'S AGONY FROM PILES

Mr. Thomas Quiney, an ex-policeman, of 79 Ash Road, Saltley, Birmingham, says:—"Twenty years ago, when in the Warwickshire Constabulary, I had to walk from Henley-in-Arden to Preston Bagot to meet the superintendent. I was hot and tired when I got there, and sat down on the stone parapet of a bridge. At the time I felt no ill-effects, but a few days afterwards I began to have pains in the lower part of the body, and to suffer with piles. That was the beginning of twenty years' suffering."

"Every few weeks from then I had attacks of piles and constipation. The agony I suffered was terrible. The ailments disordered my whole system, robbed me of appetite, of rest, of strength, of all enjoyment in life. In twenty years I tried scores of medicines, but they all failed to permanently cure me. I tried Chas. Forde's Bile Beans, and felt better after a few boxes. I continued to take Chas. Forde's Bile Beans until I was entirely free from piles and constipation, and my general health was vastly improved."

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MR. OXBY (from a photo).

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Pearson's Weekly, Jan. 21, 1909.

He pocketed the ruined pipe with an exclamation that was uncommonly like an oath. With his pipe he pocketed his rage and marched into the house.

But though he had pocketed his rage, the President was by no means in his normal state of high spirits. His secretary did not like the look of him.

However, he was sufficiently his normal self to "hustle." His perspiring secretary had never known his imperial and volcanic master to hustle at such speed before.

And with the return of his hustling, the President to a very great extent returned to his joviality. But even in his joviality he was not a man to be trifled with. A good many high officials were uneasy that night after the autocrat of the United States had done bellowing through the telephone.

Some of the high officials talked, and talked unwisely, so that before the night was out there was a good deal of speculation abroad as to why certain United States warships were rapidly coaling, and why certain regiments of United States troops were being recalled from distant posts.

The people who said nothing and thereby suffered the most, were the members of the United States Diplomatic Service. The people who were most upset and most blasphemously vindictive were certain high placed persons in London who began to regret the amount of rope that they had given Potomac.

In fact the world began to hum.

By the time he had finished with his secretary, even the enormous physical energy of the President was temporarily exhausted.

He threw himself on to his camp-bed and there soon lay snoring with the serenity of a pig and the exuberant vitality of a steam engine.

In the morning the President rose early, undressed, took a bath, and dressed again.

As he grappled with an uncompromising collar he realized that he had to some extent given himself away on the night before. However, with the yell of a cheerful savage, he hustled into the bare dormitory in which his various youthful sons were sleeping, and bundled them out of bed.

The President and his sons had a fine gallop that morning. Dad, the boys reckoned, was in great form.

Breakfast over, Dad sent for Mymms. Mymms entered the room pale and shaking. All through the night he had lain awake with his pitiful little mind riveted on the vision of Marsden's neat bowler as it had vanished beneath the presidential porch.

Mymms stood in grave peril of under-rating England's claims. It had seemed to him that England was always being beaten in the struggle that was going on for the possession of himself. Yet, in a vague way, Mymms appreciated the fact that so far no one had profited by acquiring his services.

And always at the eleventh hour there was that calm and yet sudden appearance of Marsden which immediately resulted in a swift change of events.

All through the night poor little Mymms had sat bolt upright in his bed wondering what change was coming now.

He was enormously impressed with the vastness, and the apparently unscrupulous, strength of America. Was it possible that Lord Marsden, the quiet, and the gentle and dandified, could outwit the crashing and crushing forces in the midst of which Mymms now found himself?

And then, fortunately for England and for Mymms, the humbleness of his birth guided his instinct. "Lord Marsden's a gent, that's what he is," said Mymms to himself, "and I reckon an English gent is better than all these blessed Germans and blooming Yanks."

It was with his soul sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in the capabilities of an English "gent" that Mymms faced the President after breakfast.

"How have you slept?" asked the ruler of the United States.

"I ain't slept a wink," said Mymms. This small piece of information disconcerted the President more than he liked to admit. A man who has been awake all night is rather hard to handle.

The President walked over to Mymms, flung his great right arm about him, and dragging him towards a map, waved a huge hand at it.

"Just have a look at the extent of the United States of America, Mr. Mymms," he said.

Mymms looked sullenly at the map.

"It is a great strong country," the President continued, "a mighty fine sort of country. Look here!"

The autocrat of America pulled Mymms back towards a desk on which were neatly laid out several documents. "How would you like to be an American, Mr. Mymms?" he asked.

With sudden violence Mymms wriggled himself free from the President's grasp and faced round on the big man in passionate indignation.

A thousand things to say jostled each other in Mymms' feeble mind, and any one of the thousand things he might have said would certainly have perplexed the President. But nothing which he might have said could so have disturbed the President as the actual words which he employed.

"I saw Lord Marsden last night," he cried.

There was no sense in saying this, but none the less the full import of the words came home to the President at once. He had already come to look on Mymms as a species of mild lunatic whose mildness would be all the more tractable if humoured.

He tried to humour Mymms now. "Did you?" he exclaimed. "Well any way, you're quite right. Lord Marsden is here. What of it?"

"Only that he's English," said Mymms, "and so am I."

"Tut tut," said the President.

"Where's Lord Marsden now?" asked Mymms fiercely.

"He's gone on a journey," said the President.

"Where?"

The President shrugged his huge shoulders.

"Don't you try to come any of your Yankee bluff on me," shouted Mymms. "I can see through you easily."

"Mr. Mymms," said the President severely, "you ought to have slept last night."

"Yes," shouted Mymms. "I ought to have slept last night to dream. Something that would have been of advantage to you and the United States! I don't think! Not me! You can't come all that twaddle about the Anglo-Saxon people over me again, you know. I have had some of that once—and that's enough."

The President abandoned bluster and took to blarney. Now a cunning bull is an unpleasant animal to deal with, and the Bovine President was cunning.

"Look here, Mymms," he said, "I'll be honest with you. You are practically a prisoner. All your King's horses and all your King's men and, what's more, all your King's ships couldn't get you away from the United States if they tried—"

"And all your infernal Yankee horses, and all your infernal Yankee men, and all your infernal Yankee ships," Mymms burst in, "couldn't make me of any use to you if they tried—unless I wanted to be of use. I have seen some of your methods before. You don't catch me looking into anybody's eyes. No, I'm jiggered if I do, not if I drop dead for want of sleep, I won't be hypnotised again."

"My dear fellow," laughed the President. "Be sensible, be reasonable. No one has asked you to go to sleep, no one has asked you to dream. We may be a bit rough in our methods; but, believe me, when you come to deal with the real soul of the American people, you find it pretty honest. We don't want to be mean and take advantage of people who cannot help themselves."

"It's not your fault," the President continued, "that you can dream the future, any more than it is our fault that we were looking after ourselves enough, to take you in charge. And we don't want to reap unfair advantage from it. It's no use your getting angry and shouting that we are talking twaddle about Anglo-Saxon races—we are not!"

"Give that idea a chance! If you see your way to it, dream for the benefit of England and the United States; but you've got to remember that you will never dream for England alone—not so long as you live! You have either got to dream for the Anglo-Saxon races, or never dream again."

"Then I'll never dream again," said Mymms, white to the lips, "never, so long as I can keep awake, unless—"

"Unless what?" asked the President.

"Unless I were absolutely certain that you were playing the game."

"How on earth am I to prove that?"

"Why, I'd believe you," said Mymms slowly, "if Lord Marsden said it was right, or if—"

"Or if what?"

"Or if Lady Cecilia said it was right."

"Oh," said the President, thoughtfully. "It is like that, is it?"

"Yes, it's like that," said Mymms sullenly.

"Lord Marsden has gone to fetch her," said the President.

"What?"

"Yes, that's a fact—a dead sure fact. Lord Marsden has gone to fetch her."

Mymms heaved an enormous sigh of relief.

"All right," said he. "When Lord Marsden and Lady Cecilia come here I'll do what they tell me even if it's to dream for the Anglo-Saxon races as you call them; but mind you—you're got to leave me alone!"

"Very well," said the President, "I will. You are at perfect liberty to come and go as you like, provided you don't leave the grounds. I'm not going to ask you to go to sleep—certainly I am not going to ask you to dream. I may seem very like a dog in the manger, but I don't care what you do so long as nobody else has got you. I will leave you to think things over."

The President went out and Mymms did his best to come to some sensible conclusion. But the British mule in him was very wide awake and kicking. It kicked against the truth now, which was a pity.

He was ignorant of the particular code which the cruiser's wireless instrument was employing, but he knew that the never-ending smash, smash of the instrument told that the search for the *Universe* was going merrily ahead. And he was glad, in his quiet way, to hear that the yacht had been found.

In his joy he even allowed himself to ask a question. "How far distant do you reckon she is?" he inquired.

"As far as I can judge," said Hayden, "about one hundred knots. I am reckoning on our steaming at about twenty knots an hour, so that five hours' steaming should bring us pretty well abreast of her. That would make it seven o'clock. But it's not an entirely easy matter to pick up a ship on the open seas, so I'm allowing another hour, or even hour and a half to get us alongside."

Marsden nodded his head, more or less by way of admiration for Hayden's calculations. The two went below together and each made his way to his own cabin to lie down to sleep. And Hayden slept the sleep of a child, but to Marsden sleep was impossible.

Marsden was thinking of the coming encounter between Cecilia and himself, and his mind was kept busy and awake because he saw that from the moment of their meeting there must begin all over again that conflict between a strict and uncompromising attachment to duty and his new-born love for Cecilia which had distressed him before.

He reproached himself over and over again for his original weakness as he lay in his narrow bunk; he reproached himself that he had ever permitted Cecilia to take part in this affair of Mymms; he reproached himself still more that, when he had seen how matters were coming about, he had not resolutely declined to allow Cecilia to continue in the adventure.

He told himself that his lack of ingenuity must have been deplorable in the first instance if he could not have thought of any means of recovering Mymms from Levi Lygons without Cecilia's aid. It was that first fatal error which had resulted in this miserable business, with its heart aches and its heart searchings.

Now he realised too, bitterly enough, why, having first gone to Cecilia for aid he had been compelled to seek her assistance a second time when it became necessary to rescue Mymms from the hold of Germany.

Where would it end? It was Marsden's unhappy and growing conviction that the end was still far off, and that the end, when it came, would be tragic and fraught with great disaster for the world.

For, isolated though he had been, Marsden was able, from his knowledge of diplomatic affairs, to guess that the Courts of the great Powers—not only in the West, but in the East—would, by this time, be greatly agitated.

The train of dynamite, laid for the world's undoing, merely awaited the match. How would that match be applied. Marsden remembered the disappointed and angry editor of the *FLARE* and fancied that he knew; nor was he wrong in his surmise.

He was still turning matters over in his mind when a servant knocked at the door and Marsden jumped out of his bunk and hurriedly bathed and dressed. When he went on deck he found Hayden there before him leaning over the rail scanning the horizon through his glasses.

Hayden heard Marsden's footsteps and turned round. "I think we have her," he said, and he pointed to the north-west. There, hull-down on the horizon, was a steamer whose raking masts marked her as a steam yacht. Hayden gave certain orders; the wheel was put over and the cruiser swung round and made for the distant yacht.

They were now steaming at a great pace and it was not long before the long white hull of the steam yacht appeared over the ocean's edge. Then there was no longer any doubt that the vessel they were chasing was the *Universe*. As they drew near to her, the cruiser signalled the yacht to come to. And at first, judging from a consultation on the yacht's bridge, it seemed doubtful whether the *Universe* intended to obey the signal without making some show of resistance.

Through his glasses Marsden watched the burly figure of the yacht's skipper run down the steps from the bridge and then walk aft. Then he perceived that the captain was in altercation with a small and angry man.

"Potomac," said Marsden to himself as he trained his glasses on the smaller figure.

Suddenly, from the companion-way, came the form of a woman. "Cecilia," said Marsden to himself, and, taking his glasses from his eyes, rested them on the rail.

It was Hayden's voice which caused Marsden to put up his glasses once more. "It seems to me," Hayden was saying, "that the lady is captain aboard that ship."

And when he had looked through his glasses again Marsden agreed with Hayden, but he said nothing.

The yacht fetched up, and the cruiser's galley was piped away. In her went Marsden and Hayden. The yacht's gangway was put out for them and then Marsden and Hayden politely differed with each other as to who should first board the *Universe*.

"No, no!" cried Marsden, motioning Hayden to the gangway. "This is your business."

"I am not so sure," said Hayden with a quiet laugh; "but let us, at any rate, try to anticipate Lady Cecilia's wishes. It would be awkward if I went aboard first as I have not the pleasure of knowing her."

So Marsden stepped from the boat on to the platform of the gangway and ran up the steps to the deck.

(Another instalment next week.)

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

Marsden boards the "Universe."

HAYDEN'S announcement that the cruiser would come up with the *Universe* just about breakfast-time, in no way surprised Marsden.

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Pearson's Weekly, Jan. 21, 1909.

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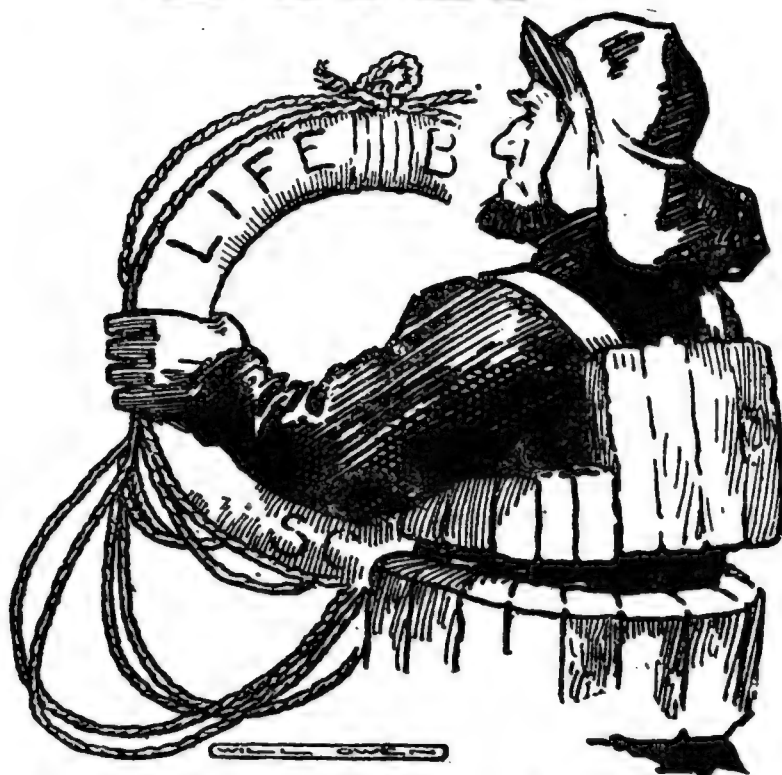
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SAVES LIFE

THINGS A WOMAN
WANTS TO KNOW

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY
"ISOBEL"

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Cheese Snaps.

Pull a new loaf when quite hot, in two, take out pieces of bread about the size of a walnut with a fork and set in a rather quick oven to brown lightly. Serve with cheese and butter.

Lemon Pudding.

Half a pound of breadcrumbs, a quarter of a pound of suet, the grated rinds of two lemons, the juice of one, and two eggs well beaten. Mix all the ingredients well together, place in a greased basin and boil for two to three hours. Turn out to serve and pour sweet sauce round.

Spotted Dick

Is a useful though homely winter pudding, and if made carefully is very good. Take six ounces each of breadcrumbs, flour, suet and currants, four ounces of sugar, and a little spice. Mix the ingredients with an egg beaten up with water, to a soft paste. Tie it in a long shape in a pudding cloth and boil for two hours. Sift sugar over before serving.

Stew of Cod Sounds.

Scald as many sounds as are required, clean them, then rub over with salt. Season some strong stock and simmer till tender; when quite cooked add thickening made of a tablespoonful or more of flour, rubbed smooth with butter, and a little milk, better still cream if it is available. Let all boil again, add a little grated lemon peel, nutmeg and allspice, and serve very hot.

Doctor's Soup.

Pick over and wash three ounces of rice and put it into a saucepan with one quart of water. When the water is reduced to a pint, add a quart of milk, a little chopped onion, celery, a pinch of salt and a suspicion of mace. Put the saucepan on one side and simmer gently till the vegetables are thoroughly cooked. Before serving add a lump of butter, rubbed into half an ounce of flour and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

A Good Mincemeat

May be made as follows: Half a pound of finely chopped suet, half a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, half a pound of currants, half a pound of sultanas, one pound of chopped apples, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and spice to taste. Place these ingredients in a jar, and add two wine-glasses of brandy. If the flavour of lemon is liked, add the yellow rind chopped very finely. (Reply to FOWLER, Cornwall.)

Tripe and Tomato Sauce.

Procure one pound of tripe, boil it, and leave till cold, when it should be cut into neat squares. Place one ounce of dripping in a frying-pan and add to it a large teaspoonful of chopped onion. When fried a nice colour add a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, a few drops of tarragon vinegar, and seasonings of salt and cayenne. Stir all well together while cooking, or it will turn. Add some nice tomato sauce and mix thoroughly. Cut the tripe in smaller pieces, add to the sauce, and cook all together for five minutes. Serve with a border of well-boiled rice. (Reply to ALICE YATES.)

A Simple Water Icing for Cakes.

Rub some icing sugar through a hair sieve to insure its being finely powdered. Put what you consider will be a sufficient quantity into a basin, stir into it some lemon juice and enough boiling water to make it into a thick paste which will just run off the spoon; beat it quickly, add colouring if desired, then pour the icing over the cake, which should be placed on an over-turned plate; take up any icing that runs off the cake and with a knife spread it on the edges. What is left over may be moistened again with boiling water and a little fresh sugar added to it. Ornament with candied fruits, coconut or pistachio nuts, before the icing is quite set.

A Pickle for two Hams

Should be prepared as follows: Two pounds of salt, one cake of prunella, two ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of bay salt, one and a half ounces of juniper berries, one pound of treacle, one and a half pints of beer. Boil all these ingredients together, and when nearly cold pour over the hams. The berries must be bruised and the other ingredients pounded before they are used. The hams should first be rubbed with a small handful of salt, and placed on a large dish for twenty-four hours. Then drain off the salt and put them into a pan, pour the pickle over them, and rub daily for three weeks (Reply to FARMERESS).

JUST THE BLOUSE FOR WORK OR PLAY.

Just at first you may consider the above description of this pretty blouse (No. 356a) other than apropos. Yet it is by no means so. Whether you are polishing a floor or playing hockey, absolute freedom of movement is necessary. If you will persist in wearing a detachable collar, just as surely as you do so will you find that same collar and its attendant tie nestling coyly under one ear or the other before you've had it on half an hour; and who can seriously regard a woman with neck-gear awry?

That the really useful blouse need be by no means uninteresting in appearance is amply borne out by the design before you. This is easily managed from four yards of twenty-seven inch material—flannel or flannelette, for preference, as these will wash as frequently as needed without becoming the worse for it. Trimming there is none, save a series of French knots which, in the case of collar and cuffs, are ranged on either side of a row of outline-stitch.

At the back this blouse presents unexpected novelty, for instead of the yoke effect which one might reasonably look for, the front pleats continue over the shoulder and meet in a V at the centre back, which arrangement renders it imminent that a seam be present there. Don't be afraid of not managing those pleats (or tucks); each is indicated plainly in the paper pattern. The under-arm



No. 356a. Paper Pattern, 6d., post free, from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

portion (marked "material facing" in pattern) will be found to be cut separately.

LET THE HUSBAND RULE.

HERE is the advice of an experienced matron to girls about to be married:

Don't begin with the determination to domineer over your husband. The satisfaction you may derive from such a policy is a poor one at the best.

The self-assertive woman who commences married life with the idea that she is to be autocrat of her new home, and who dictates the domestic policy, without reference to her husband's opinions, will in many cases wreck the happiness of that home.

Every woman, sooner or later, feels that to be truly happy a wife should be able to be proud of her husband. And can you be proud of a man who suffers himself to be "henpecked"?

AFFECTATION.

How many otherwise attractive ladies spoil the impression they make by some small affectation that completely hides their good qualities.

One charming and accomplished woman, for instance, affects an intimate acquaintance with the French language. Of course such a knowledge is an accomplishment to be desired, but a constant airing of this accomplishment does not please the auditor. To drag in a French expression bodily when the conversation is about the best way to cook fried onions does not put the less learned person at her ease.

To laugh at a witticism or an attempt at one is a desirable trait as well as a charitable one, but to carry this laudable characteristic to an extreme does not make one more attractive.

Take, for example, the lady who pleases the raconteur by always laughing heartily, no matter how poor the joke is. But then she listens to the next man and laughs just as heartily at his jokes, although he may be repeating the one she heard but a few minutes previous. She laughs all the time, even when that awkward dancer waltzes all over her new gown.

LOOK AFTER THE LIPS.

Not only should the lips be well shaped, but they should have a fine rosy colour—not the red of carmine, but the red of health. They should be full, the lower lip pouting, the flesh of a soft, pliable tissue and with expression. For the lips tell of the disposition and character.

The bad-tempered woman has vixenish lips. The stingy woman has lips that are thin and cling to her teeth. The coquettish woman has saucy lips, and the "dewy" lips belong to the golden era of youth. Pale pink lips are extremely trying to the complexion, but friction with a dash of cologne will help to improve them.

Blue lips denote heart trouble and the lack of regular circulation. They must be treated from within. Anæmia is indicated by colourless lips, and an iron tonic should be taken and a generous diet indulged in until the blood becomes a healthy, natural colour.

In no case bite the lips, as it ruins their appearance and becomes a fixed bad habit. The lips can be artificially reddened with alcohol or lemon juice which has been turned over rose petals, but nothing is as satisfactory as the cunning red of nature. The lips can be developed where they are thin and ill-formed by labial massage, using a refining cream for the purpose. It is so rare that lips are too full, that there is no need to give any method of reducing them.

PARTICULARLY LADIES.

Ladies who appreciate the advantages of a daily paper devoting a large portion of its space to matters of feminine interest always read the

Daily Express

then they know.

Price One Halfpenny Daily of all Newsagents.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

On Frosty Nights

Leave all taps just dripping. This simple remedy will often prevent a frozen pipe.

To Boil Cracked Eggs.

Put a teaspoonful of vinegar in the water, and, however badly cracked, the eggs will not boil out.

The Flavour of a Saddle of Mutton

Is greatly improved if a little red wine be rubbed into it a few days previous to the roasting.

Ear-ache

In children, so prevalent in cold weather, may generally be relieved by dropping a little warm olive oil into the ear.

When Mixing Starch.

The addition of a little turpentine will be found to produce a splendid gloss on the collars, cuffs, and shirt fronts.

Both Day and Night Nurseries

Should be ventilated by some arrangement that will insure a constant supply of pure air. The schoolroom also needs attention in this way. Children soon become tired and unable to use their brains when inhaling bad air.

This Ointment is Good for

Chapped Hands. Melt and stir together two ounces of lard one ounce of almond oil, two and a half ounces of white wax, and half an ounce of prepared camphor. Put this into small pots for use and apply at nights. (Reply to CARELESS.)

To Have Bright Burning Logs

In the grate is very cheery at this season. How many folks look forward to this, and all they get is a smouldering piece of wood! Get your logs early so as to have them dried; if they are damp, even after keeping, set them in a basket near the kitchen stove for a day or two.

When Baking Bread.

It is wrong to put it into a very hot oven, for the great heat kills the yeast plant before it has time to grow, and makes the bread heavy. The oven for bread should only be slightly heated, and gradually allowed to get hotter. Bread baked in this way is sure to be light, for it rises to an astonishing degree. (Reply to MIDLANDS.)

A Liquid Polish

For brass is made as follows: Take half a cup of whiting and mix it into cold water so as to fill the cup. Pour the mixture into the bottle and add one ounce of liquid ammonia. Shake the bottle well before using. Wet the flannel with this mixture, rub it all over the surface, stand for a few minutes, and then polish in the usual way. (Reply to ROGERS, Birchfields.)

The Beneficial Effects of Celery

Should be well realised, especially by those who do not already appreciate this useful form of salad. Celery should be eaten by sufferers from gout and rheumatism. It should be cut into 2in. lengths and boiled till tender in as little water as possible. Add to this a little milk, thicken with flour and butter, and season to taste. The tender leaves and small ends which are usually thrown away should be chopped finely and used for a soup garnish.

To Prevent a Black Eye.

When a child has had a fall or received a blow which is likely to cause a black eye, the best remedy is to well butter the parts for two or three inches round the eye, every few minutes for the space of an hour or two. Perseverance in this will most likely prevent the disagreeable appearance of a black eye. Arnica is another capital remedy. Add one ounce of arnica to seven ounces of water and with a soft linen rag bathe the eye with it frequently.

A Home Remedy that Reduces Fat.

Would you like to have a nice firm figure, yet escape the tiresome, exhausting exercise and the sickening diet of the old-time methods of reducing the fatty excess?

Then go to the chemist and ask for this inexpensive mixture: One half-ounce of Marmola, one ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., and Peppermint Water to make six ounces in all. Take two teaspoonfuls after meals and at bedtime, and in a few weeks you can be as fit physically as it is possible to be. It is best to mix the ingredients at home, but see you get the Marmola in a sealed package. When fresh it acts quicker and more thoroughly.

UNIQUE "SILVER" ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

A WELL-KNOWN LONDON PROFESSIONAL MAN CHOOSES
A MUNIFICENTLY GENEROUS WAY OF CELEBRATING
HIS TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

He decides to present to 1,000,000 Members of the Public "Anniversary Gift Packages," Containing Full Printed Details of his Hitherto Priceless and Jealously Guarded Professional Secret, wherewith he Won the Patronage of Royalty.

ONE of the best-known men in London business circles is just now celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his professional career.

For it is now twenty-five years ago since Mr. Edwards, whose name as the discoverer of "Harlene" and originator of "Harlene Hair-Drill" is now famous far and wide throughout the world wherever civilisation has penetrated, and fair women and well-

A MILLION FREE OUTFITS FOR "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

This is perhaps the most magnificent offer ever made by a London professional man. As a rule it is only personal friends or neighbours who are privileged to participate in "silver" anniversaries. But Mr. Edwards has always been so absorbed in the question of growing Beautiful Hair that he has come to consider every man or woman who is dissatisfied with the condition of his or her hair as almost a personal friend. And so he has extended this personal invitation to all readers who desire to improve the appearance of their hair. He issues this invitation through these columns. He asks them to write to him, and he will send them as a memento twenty-five years' experience in the curing of Hair-Weaknesses—not a mere printed card or useless medallion, but something far more valuable and appropriate—the supreme result of his discoveries, study, and experience



The packing and despatching floors at 95 & 96 High Holborn, where the Million Free Outfits are being prepared for despatching all over the world.

groomed men are gathered together, first decided to devote his great talents and energy to the study of the Hair, its growth, its preservation, and its beautification.

They have been twenty-five years of strenuous study, of ceaseless experimentation, of ever-growing success in the treatment of the various troubles that constantly affect the hair of both men and women. And now to-day, although he has spent a quarter of a century in studying the hair and in perfecting "Harlene," and is still, in fact, busily experimenting in his laboratory, yet Mr. Edwards is in appearance still quite a young man.

Mr. Edwards, then, has devoted twenty-five years of his life to the care and study of the hair. He has not gone unrewarded. He makes no secret of the fact that his professional efforts have flourished exceedingly. They have flourished through the superabundant merits of "Harlene" itself. "Harlene" has solved the hair problem. No one need suffer from falling hair or baldness, or discoloured hair or scurfiness, if they regularly employ the method of applying "Harlene," which Mr. Edwards has perfected, and which is now known everywhere as "Harlene Hair-Drill."

REMARKABLE POPULARITY OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Thousands of men and women who have cured themselves of long-standing hair and scalp troubles and weaknesses can confirm this. To-day the users of "Harlene" and the "Hair-Drill" method can be numbered in their tens of thousands and their hundreds of thousands, and, as they include members of Royal and Imperial Houses, Mr. Edwards is justly entitled to his famous title of the Royal Hair Specialist.

Like the great Earl of Strafford, Mr. Edwards' watchword has always been "thorough," and he has now decided to celebrate the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his life-work in a characteristically "thorough" and original way. So much interest has been aroused by the truly remarkable public success of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" in curing the most long-standing cases of—

1. Baldness
2. Falling Hair
3. Weak Hair
4. Dull Hair
5. Greyness
6. Discoloured Hair
7. Lifeless Hair
8. Scurf or Dandruff
and other hair ailments which detract so tremendously from the appearance of both men and women, that Mr. Edwards has decided to distribute amongst those readers of this paper who are interested in their hair no fewer than



Reduced Facsimile of Free Trial Outfit. Upon receipt of Coupon below and 3d. in stamps for postage, one of these Outfits will be sent to any address in the world.



The Laboratory where Mr. Edwards has spent twenty-five years in the study of the Hair, its Diseases and Treatment.

—the blessing of the gift of a good head of hair, to attain which result he will give away 1,000,000 packages of "Harlene" and "Hair-Drill" instructions absolutely free of cost.

How could the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Mr. Edwards' professional work be more appropriately marked than by helping people to Grow Hair, or to improve the colour and luxuriance of the hair they at present possess?

That was Mr. Edwards' thought, and it is a happy one, as all readers will agree. He wants to celebrate his Twenty-fifth Anniversary in company with everyone who is troubled with their hair condition. He wants to celebrate it by setting that hair condition right. He has already solved the hair problem, and he wants to help you solve the hair problem also. He wants to send you the solution.

If you are a woman, he wants to show you how to make your hair long, luxuriant, beautiful, the admiration of all your friends. If you are a man, he wants to stop a "growing greyness" or "thinness" that, maybe, is causing you anxiety from a business or professional point of view. He wants to show you how you may prevent your hair growing thin; he wants to show you why it is you never need fear either scurf or dandruff any more. It is a fine idea—it rests with readers to carry it out.

It has been said of English people that they are fast becoming a "bald-headed generation." Mr. Edwards considers that we should give no cause to anyone for such an accusation to be made. He has known of so many cases where "Harlene Hair-Drill" has cured baldness—even chronic, long-standing, almost hopeless baldness—that he knows that if you are bald this anniversary offer of his will cure you—you who read these lines—if you will accept it. And therefore he is making this truly royal arrangement. By this he has done his part. It only remains for you to do yours. By writing a letter now to Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6 High Holborn, London, W.C., you will receive by return post as a Twenty-fifth Anniversary Memento:

1. A supply of "Harlene for the Hair" sufficient for One Week's Trial of the "Harlene Hair-Drill."

2. A very interesting book on the hair, together with full instructions showing you how best to carry out the "Harlene Hair-Drill" movements and exercises.

If you will call personally at Messrs. Edwards (Hair Specialists by Royal Appointment), at High Holborn, mentioning that you have read this article, you will be handed one of these Anniversary Gifts of "Harlene" and book of instructions for "Hair-Drill" free of all charge. But if you cannot conveniently make the personal visit, a similar parcel will be sent to you by return post on your enclosing three penny stamps to defray the actual cost of carriage.

What is the secret of the great "Harlene Hair-Drill" success?

That is a question that has often been asked by men and women who, troubled with falling hair, or greyness, or some other scalp trouble, have, after practising "Harlene Hair-Drill" daily for a week or ten days, found their hair growing profusely, and even regaining the natural colour it had lost.

Well, one of its secrets—and a very important one—lies, of course, in the twenty-five years Mr. Edwards has given to the study of the hair, its ailments, and the ways of improving its condition, the result of which study and experience he has embodied in "Harlene for the Hair," and without which essential all the "Hair-Drill" in the world would be of little or no avail.

But the second of the secrets lies in "Harlene Hair-Drill" itself, that system of "Harlene" Scalp Massage which Mr. Edwards has devised as by far the most perfect method of rejuvenating the hair and energy into the languid and dormant hair-roots.

The bestowal of a blessing upon the heads of 1,000,000 readers of this paper is the truly beneficent method chosen by Mr. Edwards as the most fitting celebration of his Twenty-fifth Anniversary as Royal and Court Hair Specialist. Mr. Edwards achieved his position of eminence as a hair specialist by reason of his discovery and practice of the principles of "Harlene Hair-Drill." To-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" are "household words" with all who appreciate a fine head of hair. Tens of thousands of people now call down blessings upon the head of Mr. Edwards for his generosity in giving the world the "Harlene Hair-Drill" secret of his secret as a hair specialist. And, now, twenty-five years after Mr. Edwards' entrance upon his wonderfully successful career, he is more than ever animated by the desire to bestow the blessing of Nature's only crown to man and woman upon the head of every reader of this paper. The crowning beauty of a woman and crown symbol of virility of man are possible to all who know and employ the secret now divulged by Mr. Edwards in his system of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

In olden days the hair had much exercise. The breezes of the air blew through it, and kept it in perfect health. (You know yourself how strongly the wind blows through your hair, if ever you go outdoor without a hat or other head-dress.) And thus it was that the hair of men and women in those days was always long and luxuriant, as may be judged from the pictures of those times that have come down to us, from the frequent references to the "long golden hair of the English" that occur in ancient chronicles. To-day our hair does not get this exercise. The silk or bowler hat of the man, the "Merry Widow" or "cart-wheel" of the woman, deprive it of this daily health habit. Even more deleterious to the hair are some of the other forms of headgear now commonly worn. That is why, if you want to keep your hair strong and well, long and luxuriant, lustrous and of good colour, free from baldness, scurf, greyness, dullness, or any ailment, you must never neglect your daily scalp "Harlene Hair-Drill" any more than you would neglect your daily ablutions.

Exercise is life, and exercise is growth! You exercise your muscles—they are invigorated, and they grow. You take physical exercise, and you feel well and strong and full of life—life and vitality that pervade every part of your body and ensure their regular and constant working in harmony with each other.

Further supplies of Edwards' "Harlene" may be obtained from Chemists all over the world, in bottles at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, or sent direct and post paid (to any part of the United Kingdom) on receipt of postal order.

The address to call or write for the "Free Trial Outfit," however, is—Edwards' Harlene Co., 95-6 High Holborn, London, W.C.

COUPON

For FREE "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT

Issued by the Royal Hair Specialists to all desirous of growing and beautifying the hair.

To MESSRS. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Sirs,—I wish to try "Hair-Drill" for one week in accordance with your offer to readers of this paper, and shall be glad if you will send me the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit, with instructions, free of charge.

I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

Pearson's Weekly, Jan. 21, 1909.

* This amount is not payable if the reader calls for the Free Outfit.



The Birth of a Changelet.

It is most gratifying to note the manner in which "Changelets" are catching on. Going home the other evening, I was seated in a railway carriage opposite to a gentleman, who was reading *Pearson's Weekly*. It was the first page he was looking at. He simply stared hard at the page, thinking, thinking deeply. He was trying "Changelets." For some ten minutes he remained like that; then he shifted his position, and looked across at me. He didn't realise that he was looking at me, for there was a half-suppressed smile on his face, and he had obviously got a "Changelet," and was going over it again in his mind. Then his hand wandered to his pockets. I knew what he was looking for, and very nearly offered him my fountain pen. After searching several pockets, he found a pencil, and was going to write his "Changelet" in the coupon. But he paused, smiled very faintly, and proceeded to write the "Changelet" in the margin of the paper. He wasn't going to risk writing illegibly in a railway carriage on his coupon. That's the way "Changelets" are done. Ten minutes quiet thought. I'm sure I hope my fellow-passenger's effort will be rewarded.

Holidays for Nothing.

To enjoy a holiday perfectly, it should cost nothing. Unfortunately, it is usually an expensive luxury, swallowing, as it often does, the savings of a year. But though few people have as yet discovered an infallible recipe for taking a holiday without making a draft on the purse, a number of boys will certainly spend their Easter holidays abroad, all their expenses being paid for them. This may seem too good to be true, but, if any of my readers have any doubts upon the matter, let them turn to the current number of *THE SCOUT*, and their doubts will be set at rest. For a splendid fortnight's tour through Holland and Belgium has been arranged for Easter, and there is no reason why any boy you are interested in should not take advantage of this unique opportunity of seeing the world, and that without costing him a penny. According to the programme, which I have looked through, the tour will include visits to most of the beauty spots and points of historic interest with which Holland and Belgium abound. But this week's *Scout* will tell you all about it.

The Greatest Earthquake.

W. S., like all of us, has been horrified by the disasters at Messina and Reggio, and filled with sympathy for the unfortunate Italians who met with such a dreadful fate and for those who are left to mourn them. He asks me if this disaster in Sicily and Calabria is the worst earthquake on record in all history?—As far as authentic records tell, it is. The destruction of Pompeii was not caused by an earthquake, and the loss of life was comparatively small, as Pompeii was not a large town. In the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755 less than 50,000 people perished compared with the hundreds of thousands of victims at Messina and Reggio. But in ancient times there was a belief that a vast track of land, literally another continent, stretched out from Europe into the Atlantic, perhaps as far as America, and that this continent was swallowed up by an earthquake. Whether this is a fact or not, it is certain that in prehistoric times, long before the globe had hardened, stupendous earthquakes, besides which those we know of are mere nothings, must have been common occurrences.

Christmas Cracker Contest.

THE result of this competition proves that our young readers have a wonderful idea for artistic effects. The five shilling prizes for the twenty best pictures have been sent to the following boys and girls. The hundred presents we offered to those competitors whose pictures came next in order of merit have been forwarded to the winners.

Margaret Langley, 71 High Street, Oxford Road, Manchester; Beryl Vaughan, 14 Hereford Road, Aston, W.; Clara Pasley, Central Library, Walworth Road, S.E.; Olive Berry, 110 London Road, Southend-on-Sea; Violet Wilkinson, Thomas' Hotel, York; Ivy Leefe, 110 Lowther Street, York; Mabel Berry, 110 London Road, Southend-on-Sea; Katie Skene, The Vicarage, Deeping St. James, Market Deeping, Lincs.; Irene Hamley, 3 Glenside, College Avenue, Mannamood, Plymouth; Winnie Toleman, 16 Finchley Park, North Finchley, N.; M. Dury, 3 Nevern Square, Earl's Court, S.W.; Mabel Boswell, 43 Gellatly Road, New Cross, S.E.; Miss B. E. Thumbs, "Elmhurst," Hovingham, Notts; Austin Strawsen, 14 Melbourne Street, New Brighton, Cheshire; Dorothea Thomas, 20 Connaught Avenue, Muttley, Plymouth; Marie Healey, Rose Bank, Compstall, near Stockport; May Bate, High Street, Broseley, Salop; Maggie Thomson, 78 Arley Street, Dundee; Emma Martin, 3 Lynton Villas, Park Road, South Farnborough, Hants; Dorothy Dale, 20 Brook Street, Wakefield.

TO NOVELISTS.

£200 Offered for a Story.

We are offering a prize of £200 for the best serial story received under the following conditions:
Stories must be from 60,000 to 90,000 words.
The plot should be laid principally in this country, and the period should be that of the present day.
The prize of £200 will be paid to the author of the novel considered by us to be the best. We reserve to ourselves the right to purchase any of the other stories at our usual rates of remuneration, and all stories must be submitted under this condition.

Manuscripts, which must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, should be addressed to the Fiction Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and should be marked "£200 Story" on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. They must arrive not later than Tuesday, March 16th, 1909.

We cannot hold ourselves responsible for the loss or non-delivery of MSS., but where stamped addressed envelopes are inclosed every endeavour will be made to assure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable.

Don't Sit Down!

"I'm convinced that the people of to-day sit down a lot too much," *STAND UP* begins by going straight to the point. "We are less hardy, less go-ahead, and physically weaker than the races who inhabited the earth ages ago. The ancient nations who did such great things spent pretty well all their lives on the move, and rarely sat down for centuries. Even our grandfathers, who licked Napoleon, had the sense to use stiff, high-backed chairs, so that they were not tempted to sit about much. But, as soon as easy-chairs were introduced, we began to go down, and we've been going down ever since. My idea is that Nature never meant us to sit down at all. She intended that we should keep on our feet till we were tired, and then lie down flat, so that our bodies would have a chance to grow and develop, as they can't do while we sit bunched up in chairs more than half the time."—You are a born hustler, *STAND UP*. I must confess, however, that I don't quite see how the ancients managed to stand up "for centuries," as you put it. Did they not find it rather monotonous? All the same, there is something fascinating about your theory. Why not start an "Anti-Sit-Down League," and see how many members will join?

Sensitive Heroes.

NO FLATTERY is a canny Scot, and yet he doesn't want a nice little penknife, which is waiting for him. He is of a sensitive nature, and some people have been informing him that those who are sensitive are generally weak-minded and unmanly. He wishes me to say if I agree with this dictum, and declares that he sets such a value on my opinion that he will be satisfied with this alone, and will forego the penknife he has earned by appearing on this page.—I don't agree with the statement a bit, NO FLATTERY. Personal observation has inclined me to the belief that the more weak-minded and unmanly an individual is, the more liable is he to be loudly self-assertive and impervious to slights and criticisms. When a man is so sensitive that this trait in his character is a source of pain and unhappiness to himself, it is better for him to try not to give in to it overmuch, to try not to take things too much to heart, and to stick up for himself now and again. But modesty is often the hall-mark, so to say, of real greatness. Some of the world's heroes have been very sensitive men, as, for instance, William the Silent of Holland and George Washington. The man who never told a lie, and whose calm courage never failed him when all the rest of his countrymen were tempted to despair in the hour of darkness and defeat, was so sensitive that personal remarks and even harmless jests levelled against himself were unendurable to him. Many a man who has coolly led a daring charge through a hail of bullets has been too nervous to talk to a girl at a party. Send along your address for your penknife. You ought to keep it as a token that those people who have been talking to you were all wrong.

Wants a Memory for Cigars.

Is there any infallible system for the acquisition of a good memory, supposing that nature has not supplied you with one? E. L., of Croydon, is employed in a tobacconist's shop, and pathetically confesses that his memory is so defective that he has difficulty in keeping in his mind the names of the cigars and their prices.—Yours is a sad case, E. L. Of course, it all depends on the sort of cigars they are, but possibly, E. L., if you were to smoke a sample of each, their names would become indelibly stamped on your memory. I smoked a cigar when I was young, the name of which will cling to my recollection till my dying day. Then, as to the prices, you might demand from every customer an invariable charge of half-a-crown. The customers would soon remind you of the right prices then. But if these suggestions are not practicable in your case, suppose you try this system, which a friend of my own, who is simply bursting with "efficiency," recommended to me. You've simply got to connect the object you wish to remember with something else. For instance, the "Flor de Cabbagios" in your shop are twelve and six a hundred (no extras), you must think of something else costing twelve and six. Your

yellow boots might do. Well, the next time a customer wants that particular brand of cigar, you needn't do anything but take a lightning-like glance at your boots. They cost twelve and six. The cigars are the same price as your boots—and the mere mention of twelve and six will make you think of "Flor de Cabbagios." At all events, so my friend says. But after you have learned this system, you will have to learn another to help you think of the boots in the first place.

Borrowers Who Are Not Ashamed.

T. T. has planked down his penny for his copy of *P.W.* like a man, for 600 weeks without a break. "And I hope to do so for a great many more than 600 weeks to come," he says. "But, strangely enough, it is my favourite paper which has been the cause of an unpleasantness between a friend and myself. For the last two years my friend has borrowed my copy of *P.W.*, but the other day it struck me that this was, in a way, a fraud on you, since, by reading your paper free, he was, as one might say, getting into your show without taking a ticket. So, knowing that he could well afford the outlay, I told him that he must in future buy *P.W.* for himself. He took this as a personal affront, and has been on cool terms with me since. Is it not queer that people who would not be mean about anything else are mean about what they read? A man who would blush to ask you to lend him a beefsteak, or a pair of trousers, will think nothing of suggesting the loan of the latest addition to your library or your weekly paper."—It is a way people have, T. T. There was ample excuse for borrowing books when they were so rare and expensive that only the richest could afford to buy them. But this excuse does not hold good nowadays. It would be a good thing for many a poor author if everyone who read his books paid for the pleasure; while, if all who beg, borrow, or annex *P.W.* were to buy it! But the brain of your old editor reels at the mere vision of the circulation we should bounce up to.

2 s. d. of the Wedding Day.

It is so long ago since your grey-headed old editor had any personal participation in weddings that it gives him quite a pang to deal with the question propounded by CORNUBIAN. This correspondent, who hails from Cornwall, wishes to know what financial expenses are borne by the bridegroom on the fateful day when he and his adored one are united.

—I am not sure whether there is any hard-and-fast rule about the matter. It depends a great deal on circumstances. If you are going to marry the daughter of a millionaire, the parent of your bride, especially if he is a generous soul, will probably foot the entire bill; while, if you are yourself a man of property and are proposing to lead to the altar the only child of a poor widow, it would be only graceful on your part to take all the burden of expense on your manly shoulders. It is a popular idea that a bridegroom ought to be so overwhelmed with rapture on the blissful day that he doesn't mind what he pays. But in what might be called ordinary, everyday weddings, I think the rule is that expenses are divided. The bride's father or mother would generally provide the wedding breakfast, and foot the bill for the carriages, and the bridegroom would give the best man the money for the parson and the clerk, would buy the bouquets for bride and bridesmaids, and not be mean about the various small items of expenditure inevitable on such an occasion. After all, it looks well for the bridegroom to be generous on this particular day. It creates a good impression, and it isn't as if he were going to get married every day.

Oh, for Botany Bay!

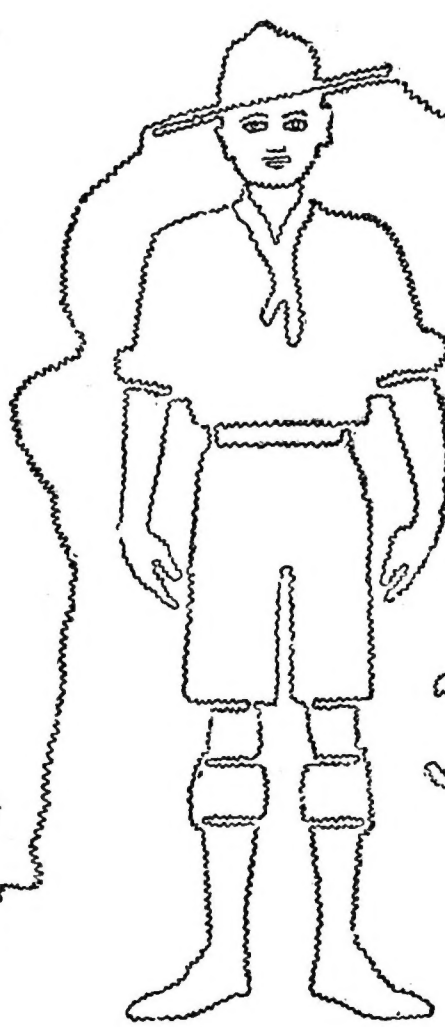
AN interest in the British Empire beyond the seas is to be commended. Consequently, I have great pleasure in answering the query which MACWICK lays before me. He comes to the point at once: "Why did the British Government stop sending convicts to Botany Bay? I think it was a great mistake. It seems to me that it was far better to send felons clean out of the country, to a land where they would be removed from the chance of committing new crimes, and where, if they behaved themselves, they were ultimately given the opportunity of making a fresh start."—The transportation of criminals to Botany Bay was stopped because the colonists of New South Wales refused to have any more of them dumped down on their shores, while the remainder of the Australian Colonies threatened to rebel if a shoal of gentlemen of the types of Bill Sikes and the estimable Mr. Fagin were forced on them as residents. The old system of transportation certainly had some advantages, since the criminals were taken out of England and, if their conduct justified it, allowed to start as sheep-farmers and in other capacities after their sentences had been worked out. But it had disadvantages also. The presence of so many bad characters, even when they were safely caged up, gave the Colony a bad name, and made honest folk unwilling to emigrate to Australia; while many of the convicts escaped, and, turning bushrangers, became pests and terrors to their fellow-creatures.

Printed by HORACE COX, Broom's Buildings, W.C., and Published by G. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

The Latest Pearsonian

The Scout is the Best Boy's Paper



One Penny Every Thursday

CHANGELETS.

(Continued from Page One.)

CONSOLATION PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

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Cassels, W. D., 172 Butterbiggs Rd., Govanhill, Glasgow.
Castle, J., Brinnington, Stockport.
Clarke, C. H., 17 Tyne Rd., Norfolk Pl., Sheffield.
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Denley, P., jun., Holly Green, Upton-on-Severn.
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Foster, M., Gumfreston House, Tenby, S. Wales.
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Pollard, H., 231 Litherland Rd., Bootle, Lpool.
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Russon, J., 23 Tancred Rd., Liscard, Ches.
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Thomson, A. G., 110 High St., Aberlour, Banff.
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will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve months' subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newspaper, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newspaper's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature
Available from 9 a.m., Thursday, January 14th, 1909, until midnight, Friday, January 22nd, 1909.

Our Beauty Contest.

NAMES OF LEADING COMPETITORS.

No. on List.	Name of Candidate.	Town.	Division.	No. on List.	Name of Candidate.	Town.	Division.
1	Miss MADGE SYKES	Ribston, Yorks.	4	26	Miss ELLAINE TERRISS	London	10
2	Miss LILIAN GOULDEN	Coventry	7	27	Miss WINIFRED BAKER	Baby, Liverpool	5
3	Miss FLOESSIE ANNETTA PERRY	Leicester	6	28	Mrs. HARPER	Martham	9
4	Miss SYBIL MAY BLIGHT	Helston	8	29	Miss EVELYN DYFA	London	10
5	Mrs. DOROTHY VAUGHAN-RODERICK	Brighton	8	30	Miss LAURA ROBERTS	London	10
6	Miss GERIE MURRAY	London	10	31	Miss MARIE STUDDOLME	London	10
7	Miss DAISIE BARTON	London	10	32	Miss STELLA GROSSI	Manchester	5
8	Mrs. F. C. AHERTON	London	10	33	Lady DESBOROUGH	Maidenhead	8
9	Miss ALICE MAUD BOLTON	Marlborough	8	34	Miss GLADYS M. HALL	Stafford	6
10	Miss MARIE LEONHARD	Urmston, Manchester	5	35	Miss LILY ELSE	London	10
11	Mrs. A. STEWART	Broughty Ferry, N.B.	1	36	Miss KATE SHANKS	Isleworth	10
12	Miss OLIVE PURCELL	Newcastle	3	37	Miss MARIE LLOYD	London	10
13	Miss BELLE SCOBLE	Coleford	7	38	Miss NELL EMERALD	Hull	4
14	Miss LOTTIE SARJEANT	London	10	39	Miss MARIÉ TIPTAFT	Nessboro'	2
15	Miss MARY ALLAN	Glasgow	1	40	Miss MARIE E. JOHNSON	Govan	2
16	Miss MILLIE HYLTON	London	10	41	Miss ANNIE P. FOLEY	Dublin	5
17	Miss ZENA DARE	London	10	42	Miss ALICE HIGHAM	Manchester	10
18	Miss NAN GEMMELL	Aberdeen	1	43	Miss HOLEY	London	10
19	Miss MADGE TEMPLE	London	10	44	Miss EVELYN MILLARD	London	10
20	Miss MAY HUGHES	Dublin	2	45	Miss EYRIL KENDRICK	Blofield, Norfolk	9
21	Miss DOLLY McCALLA	London	10	46	Miss TOPSY SINDEN	London	10
22	Miss RUBY E. S. MITCHELL	Maidstone	8	47	Miss MARIE GEORGE	London	10
23	Miss BLODWIN PALETHORPE	Birmingham	7	48	Miss LILIAN BRATHWAITE	London	10
24	Miss GERTIE MILLAR	London	10	49	Miss ALEXANDRA DAGMAR	Birmingham	7
25	Miss ANNIE BRADDAN	Isle of Man	3	50	Miss MAY DE SOUZA	London	10

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" BRITISH BEAUTY CONTEST.—Voting Coupon No. 19.

I wish to place a vote to the credit of

Name.....

Address.....

Division.....

You will find a coupon every week in "Pearson's Weekly." All coupons must be sent to Beauty Dept., "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta St., Strand, London, W.C. This coupon No. 19 must be at "Pearson's Weekly" Offices not later than February 12th.

Please Write Clearly and in Ink.

The full Conditions in this BEAUTY CONTEST appeared in "Pearson's Weekly," dated November 26th, and will appear again before the close of the contest.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1909.	JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Good Friday . . . April 9th.	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	Jan. 15 ... 5.17
Easter Monday . . April 12th.	M 4 11 18 25	M 8 15 22 29	M 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	" 16 ... 5.19
Whitsun Monday . . May 31st.	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	T 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 4 11 18 25	" 17 ... 5.20
Bank Holiday . . August 2nd.	W 6 13 20 27	W 10 17 24 31	W 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	W 5 12 19 26	" 18 ... 5.22
Christmas Day . . December 25.	T 7 14 21 28	T 11 18 25	T 11 18 25	T 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	" 19 ... 5.24
Boxing Day . . December 26.	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 12 19 26	F 12 19 26	F 9 16 23 30	F 7 14 21 28	" 20 ... 5.26
	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 13 20 27	S 13 20 27	S 10 17 24	S 8 15 22 29	" 21 ... 5.27

"What will you have to follow Sir?"

**"INDIGESTION if I don't take
BEECHAM'S PILLS"**

